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VALDA HÂNEM.

(THE ROMANCE OF A TURKISH HARIM.)

CHAPTER XVI.

THE Pâsha believed that he had made a discovery. Mademoiselle, who was so quiet and retiring, had her own attractions, and she had found an admirer. She was so reserved that she would no doubt have kept it a secret, but the Pâsha had taken her by surprise, and the expression of overwhelming confusion that he had seen in her face seemed to him an unmistakable indication of the state of affairs. He was deeply interested, and benevolently sympathetic, but he was also inquisitive, and he could not resist the temptation to tease that the occasion seemed to offer; he only waited for the end of his English lesson the next afternoon to begin.

"I hope I have not kept you too long, Mademoiselle," he said politely, as he shut up the book. "I have not been in the way of your keeping an appointment at Esbèkiah, *par exemple*?"

Margaret's heart seemed suddenly to stop beating, and her cheeks flushed a dark red. She said nothing, and the Pâsha's eyes twinkled as he looked at her.

"Did I not see you in the gardens yesterday?" he asked mischievously. "And you were not alone, *ma foi*! you were in very gallant and dis-

tinguished company. Who was the gentleman, Mademoiselle,—is it permitted to ask?"

Margaret murmured something indistinct,—she scarcely knew what—about a mere acquaintance.

"*Mais mon Dieu*, Mademoiselle," exclaimed the Pâsha laughing, "you have no cause to blush for him. He is a most honourable and distinguished person. Was it not Fitzroy Bey?"

"Do you know him, Excellency?" asked Margaret with a start.

"Oh yes, I know him,—not personally of course, but by sight. He occupies a high post in the service of the Khedive, and one hears a good deal about him at the Court."

"Do you? And what sort of a reputation do you think he bears?" Margaret asked anxiously.

The Pâsha laughed mischievously. "Aha, Mademoiselle, you are interested in him, you cannot conceal it! You would not be so much concerned to know about a mere acquaintance. And *mon Dieu*, why not?" he added indulgently, as he saw the painful colour mount again almost up to her eyes. "He is very handsome, and has every quality to attract a woman; I am sure I do not wonder. He is clever, too, and he speaks foreign languages much better than most of his countrymen.

I know that Lord Cromer thinks highly of his judgment, and he seems to have considerable influence with the Khedive. But he is leaving the service, and going back to England; did you know that?"

"Yes, I knew it; he told me. He will be leaving Egypt in a few weeks."

"It is a pity," observed the Pâsha with a benignant smile. "There will be an attraction the less for you in this country, and perhaps it will not be so easy for us to persuade you to remain?"

"Oh no, Pâsha, no indeed! I assure you that you are mistaken; you were never more mistaken in your life. Captain Fitzroy is nothing to me, and I need no inducement to make me wish to stay on with you. I am perfectly content here."

"You are content, you are, really? Well, I am glad if it is so," said the Pâsha kindly. "I am sure we don't want to lose you, though of course, if you thought of marrying, Valda would be the last person to wish to stand in the way of your happiness. I have been afraid that you might have been finding your life rather dreary and monotonous lately. You enjoyed going to the theatre with Valda, didn't you, but you have been only two or three times I think? I regret so much that she always takes Hamida Hânem with her now."

"It is over now," said Margaret; "last night was the end of the season, wasn't it?"

"Yes, but there is something to-night, a *bal masqué*, I believe. The French community here are getting it up for some charitable fund, and I was asked to take a box. I refused, because I did not want Valda to go. It does not seem to me that this play-going has been beneficial to her, and I do not care for her to be so much with Hamida; but it seems that she

has set her heart upon it. I tried to dissuade her, but she would not listen to me, and after you left us last night we came nearer to a quarrel than we have ever been before."

"And is she going to-night then?"

"Of course she is. Do I ever refuse her anything on which she has set her heart? I had to go out this morning and pay double to secure her the box that she wanted. This is what it is to be a Turkish husband! Now tell me, Mademoiselle, are Englishmen more complaisant?"

"I don't know,—not many of them I fancy. But you are too good—" Margaret checked her laugh, and ended with a sigh. "However, this is the last night."

"Yes; to-morrow will be the first day of our great Fast. As soon as the new moon makes its appearance, you will hear the guns of the citadel firing in Ramazân. Bah! it is a wretched time, and for myself, I wish it were over; but I think that all the visiting may be a distraction for Valda."

"Will she keep the Fast?"

"Oh no, I always get an indulgence for her. She and her mother, and the old lady, my mother-in-law's mother, are not strong enough to fast, and I give fifty piastres a day to our fund for the poor in order to exempt them from the obligation. You will have your meals comfortably with them as usual."

With this sustaining assurance, the Pâsha gathered round him the folds of his voluminous dressing-gown, and went off to his own room. He thanked Margaret for the lesson first, as his courteous custom was, and she managed to force a smile as she met his glance, but the moment that he had left the room her self-command deserted her. Her eyes filled with tears, and she let her hot cheeks sink into her hands.

"The poor Pâsha, oh, the poor Pâsha! How kind he is, and how unsuspecting! If he knew, if he guessed what had been going on,—but oh, I hope he will never know! It is the last night before Ramazân, the last time that she can see that horrid man, and by the end of the Fast he will be gone."

The last night, the last night! This was the refrain that was also ringing in Valda's head all that day. She knew nothing of the appointment made by Hamida; but she realised that this was the last opportunity that she would have of seeing Fitzroy even from a distance, and she was feverishly anxious not to lose it. She had overcome her husband's opposition, and that evening she went to Hamida's house, and drove in her carriage to the Opera. "This once more, this one last time I shall see him," she thought, as she entered her box; and while Hamida was still occupied in taking off her wraps at the back, Valda pressed her face against the iron grating, and looked eagerly out into the brilliant scene below.

He was there. She saw him directly, standing bare-headed and unmasked in the midst of the grotesque and motley throng. There were a good many men present in ordinary evening-dress, who had come merely to look on, among them men of position and standing, whose wives and daughters, in satin and diamonds, were looking down from the open boxes on the left of the theatre; but there was not a single person there, Valda thought with a proud exultation of heart, to be compared with Fitzroy in distinction of appearance and bearing.

She looked at him through her opera-glasses, noting every detail about him, from the white flower in his coat to the characteristic wave of his fair

hair. He was not dancing; he was not paying any attention to the extraordinary figures that whirled past him; he stood alone and abstracted, glancing up now and then to scan the occupants of the boxes, and occasionally bowing to an acquaintance. In his hand he held a letter; but Valda did not know that, still less could she know whence it came or what it was about. It was that letter, however, that filled his thoughts, and it was the cause of the colour in his cheeks and the light in his eyes. "She does not know of our plan yet," Hamida had written; "I judged it best to keep it back from her until I have got her safely to the theatre. But do not be afraid; I know how to manage her, and we will join you at supper after the *cotillon*. Only be careful to secure a table in a secluded place, and make the waiters keep away. We shall be in blue dominos embroidered with stars and crescents in white."

At the back of the theatre, behind the stage occupied by the band, was a wide open space arranged as a restaurant with little tables laid out for supper, and Fitzroy had made all his preparations. The evening was half over already, and at the end of the *cotillon*, which the dancers were now beginning, there would be a short interval for refreshment. It was in this interval that Hamida had promised to bring Valda down, and Fitzroy was waiting for it in a turmoil of suspense and anxiety. He stood among the crowd well outside the circle of the dancers, watching with indifference and impatience the various features of the entertainment. Most of the company were French,—very French indeed; and the little dressmakers and *grisettes* of the town were enjoying themselves vastly. The managers of the *cotillon* had been to considerable trouble in devising new

features for the distribution of partners, and some of the figures were very pretty and graceful. The last of the series was an amusing one. A large paper-covered screen was brought out into the centre of the arena, and folded round a party of about fifteen or twenty ladies so as to conceal them entirely from view, and then, as the music struck up, their would-be partners, in considerably greater numbers, danced in a ring round the screen. Here and there, a little white-gloved hand would be seen, thrust invitingly through the paper, and a small satin slipper would be visible from under the boards at the bottom, but it was all a chance what partner a man would be able to secure when the signal was given for bursting through the screen; and as the numbers were unequal, the competition was keen and the struggle exciting. Every man who was lucky enough to secure a partner in the *mêlée* waltzed off with her, but those who were unsuccessful had to retire discomfited amid the laughing condolences of the whole assembled company. The figure was a popular one, and had to be repeated many times with fresh screens, until all the ladies who wished to dance had had their turn; but Fitzroy, whose interest in it had quickly subsided and who could not be prevailed upon to join in it, watched impatiently for it to come to an end.

The supply of screens was exhausted at last, and the dancers careered in a wild *galop* for the last time round the arena. The *cotillon* was over, and as the band struck up the strains of the Khedive's March, there was a general move to the top of the room. Fitzroy shouldered his way through the crowd in the opposite direction, and soon found himself near the main entrance at the bottom of the theatre, where he hoped to see two blue

dominos make their appearance. He waited in vain for some minutes; there was a block of people in the doorway, and he could not see a sign of any fresh arrivals.

"Will she come, will she come?" he asked himself in a fever of anxiety. "No, she will not, her friend will be unable to persuade her; she will never consent to it." Valda had never yet, in the whole course of this strange episode, done anything that implied her sanction to it. She had taken the initiative in no sort of way; would she be induced to take this, which for a woman in her position was such a very serious and decided step? Fitzroy scarcely dared to hope for the possibility of it, yet he felt ready to stake everything upon it, and he waited at his post near the door, straining his eyes, and tormenting himself with alternate hopes and fears.

He was beginning to give way to despair, and was moving away from the door, when, through a parting in the crowd, he heard, in the guttural accents of low-class Parisian French, a speech that arrested his attention.

"What! A new arrival, at this hour! You are late my pretty, and you must pay the penalty. Allow me to remove your mask."

Up to this time the festivities, though lively enough, had been of a perfectly orderly and decorous nature; but as the evening wore on, it was only to be expected that the rougher members of the throng would become more boisterous, and a burst of rude laughter warned Fitzroy that some devilry was going on. He did not guess that it was anything in which he was concerned, but he instinctively pressed forward to interfere, and he came none too soon.

Valda and Hamida had entered through another door, and they had been searching for him in vain.

Valda had been startled by a chance remark made by one of the masks in passing, and her shrinking manner as she clung to Hamida had drawn upon her the notice of a young madcap who had been prancing about the whole evening taking all the liberties of the licensed jester whose cap and bells he wore. When Fitzroy came up, he was on the point of putting his hand upon the lace of Valda's black silk mask in order to pull it off, and she uttered a stifled cry of terror as she saw his intention; but before he had time to carry it into effect, a strong arm had thrust him aside, and he found himself held fast in a grip like that of a vice.

Fitzroy had recognised the blue domino with a pattern of white stars and crescents dotted over it, and the sound of Valda's cry for aid sent the blood bounding through all his pulses. He was in a white heat of fury and indignation, but his habit of self-command came to his aid in this critical moment and enabled him to exercise a restraint which was very necessary. He knew that anything in the form of a scene or a scandal would be fatal to his wishes, as well as dangerous for Valda; and only in the flash of his eyes and the iron grip of his fingers on the Frenchman's shoulders did he suffer the intensity of his feeling to betray itself.

"Be off with you, you cad, and be thankful that I let you go so easily," he said, throwing the fellow from him with a twist that made him spin and stagger like a collapsing top. "If I catch you molesting people any more I will give you in charge to the police."

Fitzroy spoke in English, and the youth, who was a mere hobble-de-hoy, could not understand a word of what he said; but the Englishman's superior strength and authority were more

forcible arguments than words, and he was completely subdued and overawed. Some of the bystanders raised an ominous murmur as they saw in the spurning of their countryman another instance of outrage by perfidious and usurping Albion. In no quarter of the world does the national antipathy and grudge between French and English betray itself in such intensity as on the disputed soil of Egypt; and these Frenchmen pressing round, with their fierce moustaches projecting from the grotesque masks of bears and foxes and owls that they wore, were just like a pack of growling curs ready to set upon an enemy whom they feared and hated.

But the tall Englishman, who faced them with his fair hair uncovered and his handsome features unmasked, was unmistakably a person accustomed to command, and he had an air of distinction and authority betokening the high rank and position which was becoming the monopoly of the English in Cairo. The hustling instinct of the crowd was for a moment held in check, and while they hesitated, their opportunity was gone. Fitzroy did not wait for a rejoinder to his scornful speech, and the moment that he had flung the offender aside, he offered his arm to Valda.

"Out of the way!" he said imperiously to a couple of youths who stood in front of a group of women a little on one side; and as they moved off, a way was instantly made, through which he led the two ladies out of the press.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was but a slight affair, and it was over; but the effect that it produced upon the chief actors in it was serious out of all proportion to its apparent significance. As Fitzroy led Valda up the room, and felt her

clinging desperately to his arm as if yielding herself altogether to his protection, he was in a silent ecstasy of happiness. He looked cool and self-possessed enough, and walked with a firm step and steady face, but inwardly he was in a tumult of emotion, and his sensations were almost too keen for endurance.

"Do not be frightened," he said, bending to speak to Valda in a low voice of such tenderness as only a lover knows how to use; "it was merely a momentary disturbance, and there is no harm done. You are quite safe now, and if I had only known by which door you were coming, I would have been there to protect you from the first. Oh Valda, Valda darling, it was good of you to come; I hardly dared to hope you would!"

Valda did not answer, and as he saw that she was too much agitated to be able to speak, he did not press her further. Hamida Hânem was walking on the other side of him, and she was very much agitated too, but fright had not deprived her of the power of speech, and the moment that she reached the place of privacy and shelter that Fitzroy had provided, she burst forth into voluble expression of her feelings.

"*Ah, mon Dieu, mon Dieu!*" she cried, flinging her two fat hands into the air, and speaking as fast as her tongue would go, as she plumped herself down upon a chair. "I thought we were lost, I thought we were certainly lost! Allah, Allah, Allah! That was a terrible moment, and if you had not come when you did, Monsieur, I am sure I should have died. I could feel my heart shrinking up into a bouncing ball, and I expected to see it leap out of my mouth every instant. You were expecting us at the other door, I suppose? I told Valda that it must be so, and so we went to look for you; but

could I have known of the dangers to which we were going to expose ourselves, I should never have ventured to take a single step. Oh the rude wretches! Oh the monsters! Oh my heart, my heart, my heart!"

Hamida pressed both her hands upon that broad region in which she imagined her heart to reside, and threw herself back in the chair until it creaked and groaned under her. But suddenly she saw someone coming in, and sat upright, checking her transports with an exclamation of alarm.

"Allah, Allah, Allah! Who is this? A man,—oh Allah protect us!"

The room that Fitzroy had procured was not really a room at all; it was only a recess, curtained off from the rest of the place by his orders. It was the best arrangement that he had been able to contrive at such short notice, and inside the curtain the little table laid for four, with everything placed ready upon it, so as to obviate the need for attendance, looked very private and snug. The table was laid for four, however, and not for three, for Fitzroy had been quite alive to the necessity of providing some person to entertain Hamida, if he was to get any satisfaction out of the meeting for himself and Valda. He had therefore invited a friend whom he could trust to join the party, and it was the appearance of this fourth guest within the folds of the curtain that excited Hamida to a fresh access of agitation.

Fitzroy made haste to explain matters and to introduce his friend, and so soon as Hamida understood that he was to be her partner in the little *partie carrée*, she showed herself immensely flattered and gratified. She accorded him the most gracious reception, and the gallant officer, who was a stout and worthy Major in the

Army of Occupation, and who had never in all the five years of his residence in Cairo enjoyed such a chance as this before, was charmed with the opportunity of becoming acquainted with a Turkish lady of such an appreciative disposition.

Hamida was not troubled with the least vestige of shyness, and when the Major showed her that by keeping his ponderous foot upon the edge of the curtain, he could guard her from all risk of intrusion, she acceded with frank and delightful willingness to his suggestion that she should take off her mask. She was thus enabled to enjoy her supper and to display her charms at one and the same time, and it was a question which advantage she appreciated the most.

Fitzroy had never enjoyed the privilege of beholding her before, and he was thunder-struck by the vision now revealed. Her bad complexion and features were redeemed by a pair of undeniably fine gray eyes, and with the relief of the dark hair which it ought to have had, the face might not have been ill-looking; but the hair falling over her forehead in a straight and wispy fringe, was fair, very fair, with that lifeless appearance which is the effect of unskilful dyeing, and the effect, already startling enough, was rendered worse by an artificial blackening of the eyebrows and lashes. Fitzroy thought that he had never seen anyone so hideous, but the little Major was evidently of a different opinion. He thought her a fine woman, and he was charmed with her attentions to himself. She turned her big gray eyes upon him in a manner which showed that she fully understood their value; but neither he nor she was at all inclined to forget their supper, and in the intervals of laughing and chattering they managed to make an astonishing

impression upon the *pâté-de-foie-gras* set before them.

The Major and Hamida sat side by side, enjoying themselves amazingly, but for the other two, the supper was a pretence. Valda could not be induced to take off her mask for a single instant, or even to lift the lace that bordered it, so as to drink the champagne that Fitzroy pressed upon her. She had allowed him to put her into a chair next himself in the far corner of the recess, and when he took her hand in a passionate attempt to reassure her, she did not immediately withdraw it; but she could not say a single word, and she was shaking from head to foot with a nervousness that was like an acute attack of stage-fright.

Hamida looked up once or twice from her flirtation with the Major to rally Valda upon her silence, and at last she turned with a laugh to her partner. "I think that my friend must be shy on your account, Monsieur! Supposing, now that we have had our supper, we take a stroll round the room to see what is going on? Then, when we come back, we may find that matters have improved."

"Hamida, don't go! Hamida, Hamida, you must not leave me!" Valda cried, springing up from her chair; but Hamida had already slipped on her mask, and heedless of the appeal, was passing out under the curtain that the Major was holding aside for her.

"Would you like to go too?" asked Fitzroy considerably. "If you dislike to remain for a few moments under my care——"

"Oh no, no, it is not that!" cried Valda, touched by the gentleness of the reproach. "I am not afraid of you, M. Fitzroy, please do not imagine that."

"Well then, what would you like to do? You see your friend has gone;

would you like to follow her, or would you prefer to wait for her here?"

"Oh, I will wait here. I must remain until the time that she appointed for her attendant to come and fetch us, and I am safer with you than anywhere else in this room. Please forgive me for being so tiresome and disappointing. I am sorry indeed, but oh, I ought not to have come! I did wrong in listening to Hamida's persuasions, and I feel it now. I ought never, never to have come!"

"You have received a shock to your nerves through the insolence of that fellow, and you are thoroughly upset," said Fitzroy. "It is only natural, but it will pass off if you will take some wine. Drink this,—yes Valda, you must—I insist upon it," he said imperatively, handing her a glass of champagne that he had just poured out, and he stood at the entrance to hold the curtain while she took off her mask to drink it. The effect was what he anticipated, and in a few moments she was able to subdue her hysterical sobs. "You are perfectly secure in here," he went on, gazing with delight at the beautiful face which was now free from its ugly disguise. "Your friend will return presently, and I will see that you get safe back into the charge of your attendant without any more adventures. And now tell me, why do you feel that you have done wrong? What harm is there in a meeting like this, which is the last we can ever have? It is little enough for me, only the privilege of seeing you to say good-bye; it would have been too unkind of you to have denied me that."

"That was what Hamida said, and I did not know how to resist her," Valda said falteringly; "but something in my heart tells me that I am wrong. If my husband were ever

to know of it, what would be his feelings!"

"You think so much about his feelings,—you care for him then?" asked Fitzroy quickly.

"He cares for *me*," said Valda simply, and the answer was significant of much.

"Well, and he has you," said Fitzroy with sudden bitterness; "he need not grudge me the little I have. I love you more than he does, a thousand times more, and I must go without even the sight of you all my life. Oh Valda, tell me for my comfort, tell me that I may think about it when I am far away from here and separated from you for ever,—I love you so much, do you care a little for me also?"

Valda was silent. Her eyes were full of tears, but they were bent upon the mask upon her lap, the strings of which her fingers were twisting restlessly. Outside in the theatre there was a Babel of blending sounds; the hum of many voices, the rhythm of dancing feet, the singing of the violins in the music of the waltz. The little curtained recess at the back of the theatre seemed a comparatively quiet and sheltered place, and Valda had recovered from the paralyzing effect of her terror; but it had given place to an emotion not less overwhelming.

"Valda, tell me,—is it nothing to you that this is the last time that you will ever see me? Do you not care in the least what becomes of me?"

Love is apt to be selfish, but when Fitzroy saw the look in Valda's eyes as she at last lifted them, he felt some touch of remorse for what he was doing.

"Why do you ask me what you know,—what you know only too well?" she said passionately. "You know that I love you, that I care for nothing in the world but you; but

the gulf that lies between us is impassable,—we can never cross it.”

“We could if we tried,” said Fitzroy, in low tones which had a strange ring of hope in them.

“We may not try ; I may not, and I will not. No, Monsieur ! You will go your own way, and live your life, and I mine. You will return to your own country, and there doubtless you will marry and be happy. You will forget the poor imprisoned Turkish girl for whom you thought you cared, and I,—well, perhaps I may forget too,—I hope that I shall. I shall find oblivion in death, if in no other way.”

The abandonment in her voice was the abandonment of despair, and it was more than Fitzroy could bear ; his heart leaped up in revolt against it. “You shall not !” he exclaimed, taking both her hands firmly in his. “You shall not suffer as I know you would. Come to me, and I will take care of you ; only come with me to England.”

Valda wrenched her hands away from him, and rose from her chair. “Impossible !” she said ; “you do not know what you say.”

“I do, and I will maintain it. If you love me, it is not impossible ; I will manage it, and I will make you happy. Oh Valda ! How happy you would be in that free life in England, and how much admired ! You would be a queen wherever you went, and there would be no one to compare with you. I would take you everywhere with me, wherever I went you would go, to every sort of pleasure that you liked ; we would go together, and the whole world would envy me for being the husband of its brightest star. Such beauty as yours was not meant to be hidden away in a *harâm* ; it was meant to be a light and glory in the world. You would shine, Valda, and you would be happy,—I know you would !”

Valda listened to him with her great eyes fixed in a tragic stare under her sharply-drawn brows. It was a strange picture that she was looking at. Herself in the guise and circumstances of an English lady, going about unveiled, learning what life was. He would let her do that, he would let the whole world of men look upon her and admire her, and he would feel no jealousy. That was freedom, and he would give it to her,—but ah, she did not want it ! She did not want the admiration of society ; she shrank from the very notion of it. Valda had often pined for liberty. The restraints of her life were galling to her, and she had longed for more freedom ; but not for the sake of the admiration that it might bring her. There was singularly little vanity in her disposition, and this appeal to it did not move her. If he admired her, if he loved her, that was all that she cared for ; but that, even that, was too much. “It is impossible,” she said hopelessly.

“It is not impossible. Oh Valda, let me arrange it ! Listen to me——”

“No, no, no ! I may not. Do you think that a Turkish woman has no feeling of honour ? My husband has been good to me, and I have no complaint to bring against him. He would break his heart if I were to throw him off like that, and I cannot do it. Then my little boy,—my little Djemâled-Din—no, no ! I am bound by ties that are too strong to be broken,—I am bound, bound, bound fast !”

She flung out her hands with a gesture of despair as she spoke, and the action expressed the strength as well as the weakness of her nature, but Fitzroy was blind to its significance. He caught her hands again and held them fast in a grasp against which she felt herself powerless. “If you love me as I love you, there

is no tie, no bond that can hold us asunder. I would break any tie, make any sacrifice for your sake, Valda, and what is your husband that he should stand between us? A Turkish Pâsha, who will replace you by the first person whom his relations select for him! He did not choose you, he did not woo you; he married you as he would have married any woman who had been brought to him, had she been as ugly as sin and as wicked as a witch. I do not consider that you are legally bound to him; he is not the true husband that Heaven meant for you. Marry me, Valda, and you shall know what true marriage means."

Valda was silent, and for an instant, Fitzroy thought that she wavered. Then a sudden thought seemed to strike her. "Mademoiselle,—what would she say, what would she think? She is a good woman, and she knows what is right and what is wrong. She would say that it was a sin; she would think of me as of a wicked woman."

"Oh, Mademoiselle," said Fitzroy in deep disgust; "you must not be guided by her. She is a bigoted and unreasonable person who is quite ignorant of the ways of the world: she would never be accepted by society in England; she is no better than a nun, and her opinion is of no value at all; it counts for nothing."

But that it did count for something with Valda Fitzroy saw from her face. She thought of Margaret, of her clear and honest eyes, and of the conceptions of right and wrong that she lived up to in all the little details of her daily life; and the realisation of that standard made her feel, as nothing else could have done, the falsity of the ideal now held up to her.

"Valda, Valda!" Fitzroy exclaimed, getting desperate as he saw

his chance slipping from him. "Why do you hesitate, why do you trouble yourself to think what an insignificant person like that may say? It does not matter in the least. You love me and I love you, and it is fate that has brought us together. Do not struggle against the decree of destiny, and so spoil both our lives."

"Destiny is powerful, but God is all-powerful," said Valda with a shudder. "God is great, and His curse would be upon me if I did this thing. I dare not do it!"

"What are you afraid of? You need do nothing,—I will do it, and I will take the whole responsibility of it. With the *harim* gates open all night long, as Hamida Hânem tells me they are during the whole of Ramazân, it will be easy enough to manage. You have only to let yourself out through the *selâmek* to meet me, and then,—then, in a few hours we should be at Ismailia, on board the boat, and steaming straight for England. Oh, Valda, think of it! You and I together for all our lives, with no one to come between us,—what happiness would be before us."

"Not with God's curse upon us," said Valda. "Something would happen, some punishment would fall. The ship would be wrecked, or you would be struck down by illness or accident. I should never get to England. I should have received my reward before that, for if anything happened to you, I should have nothing left to do, but to wait for the first dark night to throw myself into the sea."

"Oh Valda, this is fantasy, this is superstitious folly!" cried Fitzroy, his determination gaining strength from her opposition. "Surely you are not a coward, to be afraid of imaginary dangers?"

"No, I am not a coward. I am the daughter of long generations of

soldiers, and I am afraid of nothing for myself," said Valda firmly. "Let God's vengeance fall on me; I should deserve it, and I could endure to suffer myself; but it would not be only on me that it would fall. It would be on my husband, it would be on my little Djemâl-ed-Din, it would be on you. Do not ask me any more, Monsieur. I tell you that it is impossible; we must part."

"Yes,—if you decide it so—we must; we must part immediately, and for ever. In a few minutes your friend will be here, and by the decision you have come to then we shall have to abide. Now the choice lies in your hands, and it is the choice between happiness and misery. Oh Valda, I implore you, for my sake, if not for your own, consider what it is that you are doing. I do not know how to live without you; every chance of happiness will be lost to me, and my life will be made barren. I am leaving the country, and if I leave you behind, I know that I shall never see you again. Valda, Valda, say something to give me a little hope,—I beg of you, I implore you, before it is too late——"

But it was already too late. Already Hamida's step was approaching, and her laugh was audible on the other side of the curtain. Valda snatched up her mask, and with shaking fingers fastened it into its place. She was trembling all over, and her face would have betrayed her to the most casual observer; but it was safely hidden by the time that Hamida came in, and her curious glance was unable to make anything out of the situation.

"Well!" she said gaily, "I hope you feel better, Valda? *Ma' sh' Allah!* Have you been in here all the time? It was best for you perhaps, since your nerves had been so shaken, but it is really a pity that

you should have missed seeing all the fun. Such spectacles we have seen! But now we must be going. Already we shall be behind our time, and my negro, though he is well schooled, has limits to his patience. Oh well! thank you M. le Majeur, I think I will have a glass of champagne, and just a mouthful more of that delicious *pâté*,—just a very little bit——"

"Hamida, we must not stay," said Valda imperiously; "we must not keep the man waiting. Come at once, —I will not stay,—we have run enough risks."

Valda was desperate, and Hamida had to drink off her champagne in a hurry, and leave untouched the plateful of *pâté* to which the Major had helped her.

"There is no fear," she said crossly, as they left the place; "my attendant is a discreet fellow, and he will never play us false. He knows that it would not be to his interest to do so. I am in possession of secrets that he would not like to be known, and therefore I can trust him with mine. We should find him at his post even if we were to be an hour behind our time."

Her confidence in the man was not misplaced. They found him in the dark archway where he had been ordered to wait, and as soon as he saw his mistress, he came forward silently.

Hamida had gone first with the Major through the boisterous crowd of dancers, and Fitzroy had managed to detain Valda a few steps behind. The evening was at its height, and the theatre was so full that it was not a very easy matter to steer a passage through the crowd, but with Fitzroy to guard her Valda was not afraid. She was weeping silently behind her mask, and she did not say a word as they made their way through the noisy scene; but as they passed out

of the brilliance, and reached the passage where the Major was bowing his adieux to Hamida, Valda paused, and held out her hand to Fitzroy. "Adieu, Monsieur," she said in a stifled voice; "may peace go with you, and happiness attend you!"

"Peace," said Fitzroy in a low tone of intense bitterness, "peace and happiness! No, Valda, they will be far enough from me; you could give them to me, but you will not."

"I cannot,—ah, forgive me,—indeed I am suffering enough!"

"Remember, M. le Majeur; goodbye in Turkish is *Ah las maledûc*. Yes, now you say it rightly; that is

perfect. And now I must say it in earnest, adieu, adieu! Valda, my dear, are you coming?"

Hamida had been instructing the Major in Turkish phrases, his pronunciation of which had made her shriek with laughter, and it was a final lesson that gave Fitzroy the opportunity of lingering over his leave-taking; but now it was over, and Valda was turning away.

"*Au revoir*, Valda," he said in a hurried whisper. "I refuse to give up hope altogether, so it is *au revoir*, not adieu."

"*Ah las maledûc, Monsieur!*" said Hamida.

(To be continued.)

POPE AND KING.

LAST year was fraught in Italy with stirring incidents, startling episodes, and memorable anniversaries. In a land where history confronts one at every turn, where the past is more pervasive than the present, the calendar is rich in such occasions. Two that were commemorated during the winter of 1897-98 revealed in vivid outlines the divisions of Italian life. The Jubilee of Pope Leo the Thirteenth and the Jubilee of the Constitution (or *Statuto*), though frankly opposite, if not hostile, in their objects, had one impulse in common. With the religious fervour that inspired the first, and the political feeling that marked the other, was manifestly blent the patriotic passion of an ardent people. It is this fact, combined with subsequent events, which make both celebrations worthy of more notice than they received at the time from the outside world. In attempting a brief description of them I by no means propose to enter upon the wide and thorny field of Italian politics, but merely to give impressions left upon the mind of a sojourner in this fascinating city.

Rome is still as enthralling as ever to the mind attuned to its manifold charms. It is the fashion in these days to decry its present aspects, to lament its modern expansion, to vilify the innovator's hand. "Rome is spoiled," are words not seldom used by the visitor whose æsthetic ardour blinds him to considerations of health or economics. Having lived in the Eternal City when Pio Nono was King as well

as Pope, and at several subsequent periods, I cannot say that Rome seemed to me one whit less picturesque or interesting as we drove from the heights beyond the Pincian early in the morning of Sunday, February 13th, to witness the Pope's reception of the pilgrims in St. Peter's. For weeks past this occasion had been anticipated with anxious eagerness. It was one of twofold interest. The Pope was about to celebrate not only the twentieth anniversary of his accession to the Pontificate, but also the sixtieth anniversary of his First Mass as priest. For twelve years he had not shown himself outside the Vatican, and had been seldom visible in St. Peter's. For twelve years the Head of the Church had been almost self-exiled from its great cathedral, during which time the splendid functions for which that august fane was famous had been, with rare exceptions, memories of the past. A Cardinal may be a Prince of the Church, and no doubt for spectacular purposes he is a very imposing and impressive personage, but he is not the Holy Father, *Sanctità*, the successor of St. Peter and the spiritual ruler of Catholic Christendom. A particular interest has, moreover, centred in the personality of Leo the Thirteenth. His great age, his gentleness, the simplicity and saintliness of his life, his keen and cultivated intellect, and the charm of mystery which surrounds the recluse, have all helped to make him the most attractive and popular figure in Europe. Though sufficiently accessible when

approached through the proper channels, his delicate health limits the possibilities of public or private audience, while his appearances in the Sixtine Chapel are not nearly as frequent as they would otherwise be.

Although it was known that the Pope was himself keenly anxious to celebrate his Jubilee in some marked and memorable way, there was, up to the last moment, no certainty that he would be able to appear. With the advent of the new year parties of pilgrims had arrived in Rome from different quarters and countries, bearing tributes and messages, but the greatest demonstration of all, that organised by the many towns and religious bodies throughout Italy, was so timed as to take place on Jubilee Day itself. For two or three days before that date the city began to swarm with groups of country folks from all parts of Italy, many of whom then saw Rome for the first time. Clad in quaint and motley costume some of these visitors seemed to have sprung out of an earlier age, but all, whether from the modernised city or the mountain village, testified by their grave and subdued demeanour to the devout purpose of their mission. It was reckoned that at least sixteen thousand of these representatives took part in the Pilgrimage, and as each of them had a ticket of admission to St. Peter's, and as forty-five thousand tickets were issued to applicants, it was certain that not less than sixty thousand persons, and probably many more, were present in that mighty shrine.

Residents in Rome are not early risers as a rule, and miss therefore one of the delights of life in that place of magical atmospheric charm; but on that morning the streets were full of carriages and wayfarers before sunrise. Everyone was eager for a place, and all were in dread of being

crowded out; even the proud holders of tickets for the tribunes were eager to secure good seats. As a matter of fact, however, there was no need for such violent haste, as those who breakfasted at leisure and reached the cathedral at nine did just as well as those that went there starved and shivering in the chilliest hour of the morning. Where is the early sunshine brighter, or the sky bluer, or the air more buoyant, or where do the sparkling waters of the many fountains dance more joyously, than in Rome? And never were all in a happier mood than on that day. The Tiber, swollen by rains, was radiant in the sunlight, as it swept swiftly but silently between those stately quays that have done so much for the health and convenience of the city. When the temporary iron tram-bridge has been replaced by the handsome stone structure which is to succeed it; when the colossal pile of new Law Courts and offices, now all but ready for the roof, has been completed, flanking the Castle of St. Angelo with a yet lordlier edifice; when the embankments on both sides of the river have been finished as far as the end of Corso Vittorio Emanuele, as they ere long will be; and when the improvements now going on among the buildings on the southern bank have been carried into effect, then the aspect of Rome as seen from the Tiber will be more imperial than it has been at any period of its history.

No part of Rome has been less changed than the corner occupied and dominated by St. Peter's. There, at any rate, time has stood still so far as architecture is concerned. A tramway has been laid down the Borgo Vecchio, though it seems to apologise for its existence amid such surroundings; but the three streets that lead up from the Tiber to the cathedral

are flanked by the same gloomy, old-world buildings that stood there fifty years, or a century ago. They are streets full, as ever, of vivid life and variegated interest. Meat-shops hung round with lambs, kids, birds, either skinned or furred and feathered; bread-shops filled with loaves, rolls, buns, paste, macaroni, and meal in every form; fruit-shops abounding in oranges, apples, tomatoes, figs, raisins, and vegetables of all varieties; curiosity-shops, churchware-shops, wine-shops, shops which are more like caverns than places of trade in the nineteenth century, diversified by a church on one side and a fountain on the other, with a jostling chattering throng of pedestrians,—sightseers, priests, soldiers, peasants, students, children, and tradesfolk—all driven hither and thither by hurrying carriages, omnibuses, and carts, these are, as of yore, the incongruities that precede the vision that immediately succeeds.

For a vision it is of beauty and of splendour, that lordly Piazza of San Pietro, as much to our eyes to-day as it was when it first met them thirty-one years ago. Putting all technical questions of style and school, of measurement and proportion, aside, I am simple enough to hold that no modern edifice has a finer approach, a nobler disclosure, than St. Peter's. That circumambient colonnade of tawny columns, four abreast, with its crest of marble figures standing out against the sky-line; the vast circle of free space embraced therein, with its central Egyptian shaft piercing the blue, and its glorious fountains on either side, whose unresting waters flash so joyously in the morning sunlight; the huge golden-tinted pile beyond, crowned by its line of colossal figures and surmounted by its kingly dome,—all make a spectacle which uplifts the heart and satisfies the imagination. They certainly did so

on the morning of the Pope's Jubilee, when the great space, ampler even than it seems, was crowded with people and carriages, and the keen air was vibrant with the hum of a vast multitude.

As we stepped down to the pavement at the foot of the obelisk news-vendors beset us with copies of *VERA ROMA*, the Papal organ, with its admirable portrait and memoir of the Pope, and with copies of the *Mass* about to be performed. Soldiers kept guard and order, though there were no signs of disturbance; dealers in rosaries offered their beads and tokens; the grim, uncouth walls and windows of the Vatican looked down on the busy scene, as blankly as they have done for three centuries. There was no crush at the entrance. According to the colour of their tickets visitors filed off to the right or to the left, and, spared the weariness of lifting the ponderous leather curtains, found their way at once into the church which still, as Byron wrote of it when the century was young, stands alone of temples old, or altars new.

It is, I know, the fashion at this end of the century to decry the architectural merits of St. Peter's. Modern æstheticism finds all sorts of fault with an edifice which embodies the genius of Michel Angelo and inspired the genius of Byron. During successive visits to Rome, at different periods of life, I have striven to discover what justification there might be for this view, but have again and again failed in the endeavour. The impression of stillness and vastness and blended magnificence produced by the first glimpse of the wonderful interior is as overpowering now as it was then. Age does not wither nor custom stale that unique sensation. As one grows old, and as life's shadows deepen, the mind still asks

—what could be,
Of earthly structures, in His honour
piled,
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty,
all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

And what a scene it presented on the occasion I write of. Vast though its spaces are, the Church was filled with an ever-shifting congregation. Under the dome, and behind the high altar, tribunes had been erected for the accommodation of a favoured few, but otherwise the marble floor was occupied by a standing multitude, literally gathered from all the quarters of the earth. Down the centre armed men kept an open way for the Pontifical procession. Immediately behind them rows of patient spectators were ranged four and five deep, gladly ready to stand there for hours in order to secure a good view of His Holiness. Here it was impossible to move freely, but in the side aisles there was easier passage, though every buttress, cornice, ledge, or other coign of vantage was closely tenanted.

The composition of the crowd was, of course, its chief point of interest, as revealing the true significance of the occasion. In Rome one is ever wondering to what extent the Papacy still retains its hold over the loyalty and affections of the people, and the question is not easily answered. Foreign visitors find it difficult to penetrate the surface, or to judge between the conflicting utterances of either party. The Whites and the Blacks,—the Court and the Clerical, elements—are divided by such a deep line of cleavage that the mind is apt to be at fault when striving to estimate the relative strength of either. Both sides resort to bewildering violence of language in denouncing each other. Judging by the appearance of the throng in St. Peter's

there could hardly be a doubt that to a host of people in Italy the Church is still a living power and the Pope still a revered personality. As usual in Italian churches the occupants of the building were all mixed together without regard to class, age, rank, or origin. Peers and peasants jostled each other; the rough jacket of the rustic rubbed against the furred broadcloth of the noble; the laces and satins of the highborn dame mingled closely with the rough homespun and the gaudy cottons of the *contadina*. Priests and students, eager and animated, in gowns of many hues, swarmed everywhere. Soldiers in diverse uniforms were almost as numerous. The splendid figures of the Papal carbineers stalked slowly about. Children of all ages and varieties of garb dogged the steps or burdened the arms of their elders. The ubiquitous foreigner was abundantly in evidence. Round the transepts and the tribune it was difficult to edge a way. In one corner a temporary hospital enclosure had been provided, with nurses in attendance, and thither at times fainting or overwrought sufferers were convoyed by the zealous guards. Beyond the black effigy of St. Peter, clad grotesquely for the occasion in gorgeous vestments, a group of emblazoned banners, borne by pilgrims, fluttered brightly above the heads of the crowd in the sunlight which streamed from the dome upon the burnished *baldacchino*, the glittering mosaics, and pale sculptures. The glimmer of lighted candles at the high altar and in the side chapels vied vainly with the morning radiance as it poured through the eastern windows and glorified the many-coloured scene below.

And through and over all this packed and shifting multitude was the ceaseless hum and muffled murmur of expectant myriads. One looked in

vain for signs of indifference or amusement. If enemies of the Church were there they did not let their faces betray their hostility. All seemed possessed by a vivid interest in the day's event; all seemed heartily in earnest. As the hours crept on, the tension of a common feeling became more manifest. Half-past nine had been announced as the time of the Pope's entry, but long ere the hands of the clock reached that point eyes were turned towards the crimson screen in the corner chapel on the right through which the procession was to pass. For once the equable atmosphere for which St. Peter's is famous grew close and heavy, until the opening of a door lightened it. Among the dense rows of spectators that lined the nave frequent passages of words enlivened the tedium. Struggles for place, not far removed from scuffles, were accompanied by exchanges of international vocabulary. At one point certain clerical students from Eastern Europe, who seemed anxious to displace a group of young Englishwomen, were addressed by a sturdy young American in terms which, though expressive, were hardly devotional or polite. Few forms of fatigue are more exhausting than that which attends standing in one place, and the weariness begotten by hours of waiting was hardly conducive to good manners. Yet as the time drew near all these disagreeables were forgotten in the excitement of the moment. Again and again a false report of the Pope's coming sent a wave of emotion through the church; and when the players on the silver trumpets, so seldom heard there in these days, were seen to gather in the gallery over the main entrance, the strain of suppressed emotion was quickened to almost painful intensity.

For let it be remembered that the aged Pontiff for whom we were look-

ing had been throughout the twenty years of his reign a prisoner, though a prisoner by his own will, in the Vatican; that to the Italian, and especially to the Roman mind, he represents a line of dignitaries who, with intervals of exile, were for nearly eighteen centuries the heads of the Church and the sovereign rulers of Rome; that he is in their eyes God's recognised Vicegerent on earth, and the possessor of special, if not superhuman attributes, and that he embodies to their minds all that is holiest and highest in our mundane life. Although he had been visible at times to people of position, of influence, or of wealth, he had through all these years been rarely seen in public or by the populace. A superstitious fancy that he might not live to witness his Jubilee had widely prevailed, and the final, actual dispersal of that fancy was all the more signal when it came.

The hum of many voices had swollen almost to uproar when the crimson hangings were at last drawn back, and from the silver trumpets overhead a blast of welcome pealed joyously forth. Then fell a moment's silence,—the hush of thrilled expectancy—followed by a growing tumult of cries as the procession slowly filed in. It is needless to describe it. The soldiers, the choristers, the priests, the surpliced acolytes, the mitred prelates, the purple *Monsignori*, the scarlet cardinals, the richly clad officials, the gorgeous vestments, the flickering candles, the pervading incense,—all seemed commonplace and familiar in anticipation of the closing figure, for which all eyes were straining, to greet which all throats were eager; and when, borne shoulder-high above the sea of heads, flanked in his chair of state by the snowy plumes of the *flabelli*, Leo the Thirteenth at last appeared frail, white, and

shadowy, wearing his Papal robes and the triple crown, a roar of sound acclaimed his advent. Then ensued a scene of enthusiasm such as I have never seen equalled. All restraint was forgotten, thrown to the winds, and a frenzy of delight seized everybody. Frantic shouts and cheers filled the air. Cries of *Santità! Santità! Il Papa! Viva!* burst from thousands of throats, while from not a few more daring lips the elsewhere impossible utterance, *Papa il Re*, was hurled forth, regardless of consequences. Handkerchiefs and hats were waved without intermission as long as the Pope was in view. Women knelt and wept, and men of sober mien let the tears course down their cheeks without a thought of shame. Others clasped their hands in pious ardour, or embraced with grateful joy. Children clamoured to be lifted up for a better glimpse of the spectacle. Even stolid English folk were carried away by the rapture of the moment, and one little Anglo-Saxon damsel found herself clambering up the stalwart back of an acquiescent young Roman in her eagerness to see the good old Pope.

And he looked a fitting subject for such a marvellous outburst. White, fragile, and slender he seemed more a spirit than a man,—an apparition rather than an embodiment. For once the human form typified to the eye its particular office and associations. Here was a Pope whose outward aspect and mien were in manifest harmony with his august position and sacred calling. His dignity of bearing was matched by his benignity of expression. Of all that passionately excited through he was, perhaps, the most moved. It was a moment he had waited for, hoped for, but hardly dared to expect. His dark Italian eyes, still keen with youthful fire, revealed the joy within; his tall frame, enfeebled by age, but

still erect, was quivering with emotion. Not content, like his predecessor, to dispense his blessings in somewhat angular automatic fashion while seated, he rose to his feet, and staying himself with one hand holding the arm of his moving throne, he swept his other arm from side to side over the mass of heads before and around him, audibly repeating without cessation his pontifical benedictions. And this continued during the many minutes that were occupied by the slow passage to the altar, the plaudits only growing in intensity, the gladness never ceasing to spend itself, until, as the throne was lowered and the Pope reached the foot of the altar to kneel and pray there, a sudden hush fell upon all and the clamour of welcome ended.

It was in truth a strange and enkindling spectacle. Regarded in all its aspects, religious, historical and picturesque, it was I think, unique. It effectually dispelled any doubt as to the reality, the magnitude, the strength of the affection which a vast number of the people of Italy cherish for their Church and its present Head. It is not my concern to consider figures or to estimate proportions. What I was convinced about, and what I desire to indicate, is that, despite political differences, the alleged spread of scepticism, and the growth of a cynical worldliness (not confined wholly, it is said, to secular circles) there is both in Rome and in Italy a passionate attachment to the Pope's person and office which only needed occasion to exhibit itself in the manner I have attempted to describe. Free-thought and irreligion are, no doubt, as prevalent in Italy as elsewhere, and certain incongruities of profession and practice may force themselves on attention more frequently than in countries where the ecclesiastical life is less in evidence. But that the Church and the Pope

are both living powers and active, if not aggressive influences in Rome and in Italy no one present at the Jubilee could either deny or doubt.

Of the hour that followed the Pope's entry little need be said. Pontifical celebrations of the Mass are more or less alike, varying only with the music or the celebrants. On this occasion the service was materially abridged out of regard to the Pope's health; but he went through the solemn function and he received the homage of the pilgrims with a vigour that surprised everybody. In truth for the time being he appeared inspired and uplifted by a spiritual enthusiasm, or fervour, which overcame the frailty of the body, and expressed itself in every line and gesture. The exaltation on the part of the central figure in the pageant seemed to some extent shared by the multitude. There was less than usual of perfunctory dulness in the responses, just as there seemed a fuller ring of triumph in the *Glorias* and the *Aves*, and a softer touch of entreaty in the supplicatory refrains. Never did a deeper silence, a more solemn hush fall upon a prostrate throng, than when Leo the Thirteenth elevated the Host under the bronze canopy beneath the dome. The silvery hair and blanched visage of the venerable Pontiff gleamed forth from the wealth of colour in the golden sunlight that streamed down from the southern windows; the high priest looked worthy of the tabernacle; the sensation of the moment was attuned to the occasion and the shrine.

St. Peter's has been the scene of many imposing ceremonials. Councils have met and dogmas have been promulgated there. The bones of one hundred and thirty-four Popes are said to rest beneath or upon its marble floor. Centuries of strife, of controversy, and passion have ebbed and flowed around

it. But it is something to remember that though stripped of temporalities and shorn of earthly sovereignty, its chief priest is still the spiritual lord and arbiter of the Catholic world.

Little more than an hour had passed when the service closed, the music ceased, and the Pope was borne back again amidst a chorus of sound even more deafening and jubilant than that which hailed his entrance. The great doors were thrown open and the crowd surged forth, crushed and breathless, glad to reach the outer air with clothes untorn and pockets unrifled. A city of queer contrasts surely is Rome. Where else are the sublime and the beautiful so sharply confronted by the squalid and the base? And yet therein probably consists one of the secrets of its charm. When once the scramble and the suffocation were over and the radiant amplitude of the piazza was attained, all was forgotten in the wonder of that scene of swarming and intermingling humanity.

In the early part of 1848 the first free constitution conferred upon any portion of modern Italy was promulgated in Turin, the capital of what was then the kingdom of Sardinia and Piedmont. That was the beginning of the end, so far as despotic rule in Italian territory was concerned. One after another during succeeding years Sicily and Naples, Tuscany and Lombardy, Venice, and the lesser Duchies secured their freedom and joined their neighbours, until on September 20th, 1870, the Italian troops marched into Rome and the emancipation of the peninsula was complete. Partly by way of national rejoicing, and partly, perhaps, as a counterblast to the Pope's Jubilee, it was arranged to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the first of these events in a manner befitting such an occasion. In most of the chief cities, and they are many,

celebrations more or less impressive took place, and that in Rome was necessarily the most notable and interesting. Here, too, was an opportunity to scan the social surface for some evidence of the forces that work below; for though Italy is united in form it is by no means at one in sentiment. Political divisions are deep and wide throughout the country. Conflicting opinions are expressed with undisguised rancour. Oppressive taxation is a constant cause of discontent. Cumulative duties on every article of household consumption have borne heavily on a hard-working and often poverty-stricken people. A costly government, a great army, an ambitious navy, extravagant public works,—all have to be paid for out of scanty earnings, narrow profits, and depreciated property. But the origin of political discontent is too large a question to be here dealt with. I merely mention it as a reason why special interest attached to the jubilee of the *Statuto* in March of last year.

Proceedings began on Tuesday morning with a grand review of troops on the Piazza Indipendenza. As usual the sun shone brightly and the national flag fluttered bravely from hundreds of windows and house-tops; but there was no organised scheme of street decoration. The square is not a large field for a military demonstration, but it is the freest open space within the walls, and as the function took the form of a march past there was room enough for the concourse. Pavement, windows, ledges, and doorways were all packed with people, and owners of benches, stools, and boxes drove a good business in providing standing-room for eager spectators. There must have been tens of thousands of them; all were orderly and all seemed pleased, very much like a crowd in London on Lord Mayor's Day. Eager yet not

noisy, they waited in patience for the troops and for the King.

The open space of the piazza was kept clear by soldiery. About ten o'clock a murmur, but not a shout, betokened an advent, and immediately after there entered on the scene that which is in Rome a familiar but ever popular spectacle, the Queen's equipage. With its scarlet-clad outriders, coachman, and footmen, its fine horses and, above all, its regal occupant, Queen Margharita's carriage makes a brave and a becoming show; and as it is seen during the season almost daily in the streets and public places of Rome, all classes of the people are well acquainted with the personality of their Sovereign's consort. Roman loyalty may be ardent, and there is no reason to doubt its sincerity, but it is not effusive; it is respectful, but it is silent. As at other times, hats were lifted and heads bent, but there was no cheering; local etiquette or custom forbids a more vociferous greeting. There could be no doubt, however, as to the interest which the Queen's appearance evoked. Necks were strained, children were held up, faces relaxed, a buzz of contentment was audible as the gracious lady, bowing incessantly as she always does, from side to side, was driven slowly past to the upper end of the square, the most attractive object in the show.

A body of cavalry came next, the personal guard of honour to the King, who followed, magnificently plumed and mounted, with a gorgeous escort of princes and officers, many of them in foreign uniforms. Again there was the same unemotional welcome, so different from what one might have expected from an impulsive Southern race. Had it not been for the martial clangour of the bands and the tramp of regiments upon the basalt roadway, the quietude of the

scene would have been strangely incongruous. Regiment after regiment, squadron after squadron, battery after battery, the troops filed past, bronzed, well-set-up, sturdy,—good fighting material one would say—with intelligent faces and resolute mien. They saluted the King stationed in the centre of the square, and he, with streaming white moustache, looking a very soldierly figure, seemed pleased at their martial aspect. Over twenty thousand men of all arms thus paraded, vanishing into the streets beyond. Then there was at last a cheer, somewhat formal, and the King and Queen departed as they came, and the crowd dispersed, mostly streaming in the wake of their Majesties, to the palace of the Quirinal.

There is no more interesting spot in newer Rome than Monte Cavallo, where the colossal horses and figures, confidently attributed to Praxiteles, flank the yet more ancient obelisk from Egypt, with its cryptic carvings. Long before both were placed here the Temple of Romulus invested the scene with special sanctity. Now what was so long the residence of the Popes, built three centuries ago, a huge barrack-like pile, imposing by reason of its size, is the central home of the sovereigns of Italy. From its upper windows the eye sweeps over the whole of Rome, from the Coliseum to St. Peter's. It is the heart of the present city, the centre of its social life. Thither, after the review, flocked the loyal citizens and curious strangers, eager for a less formal glimpse of royalty. Cannon were planted across the street at the corner of the palace, with a sinister significance scarcely in keeping with a festal occasion. Armed men were plentiful. The neighbouring buildings were bedecked with flags and flowers. All round the central foun-

tain the piazza was soon tenanted by a surging crowd, much noisier in its disposition than that which had just broken up, and denser in proportion to the more limited space. Shouts and laughter were more frequent, and snatches of song were heard. The national colours were largely displayed, but there were not a few countenances whose sullen or cynical aspect betrayed the rankling hostility beneath. A full hour must have been spent in impatient waiting, and cries of *Il Re!* were multiplying, when attendants appeared on the marble balcony over the main entrance, and spread a velvet covering over the balustrade. In a minute or two the King and Queen stepped out and bowed two or three times to the multitude. Cheers roared out and hats and handkerchiefs were waved, but the Sovereigns retired almost as soon as they appeared, and the second excitement of the day was over.

It was in the Quirinal that the Cardinals used to meet in conclave, on the Pope's death, to choose a successor. It was from that balcony that the election of a new Pope was made known, and it was there he appeared for the first time, and gave his blessing. Doubtless there were many in the crowd who remembered those days with regret, and who deemed the change of sovereignty dearly purchased, though weighted with the gain of national freedom, unity, and constitutional right.

Two hours later a more impressive function took place amid yet more majestic surroundings. If the Quirinal be the centre of modern busy Rome, the Capitol was the heart and crown of ancient and imperial Rome. There was

—the rock of triumph, the high place

Where Rome embraced her heroes;

there too, below, was spread, and still spreads

The field of freedom, faction, fame, and blood

where

—a proud people's passions were exhaled,

From the first hour of empire in the bud

To that when further worlds to conquer fail'd.

The Capitoline Mount remains very much as it was in Byron's time and as Michel Angelo adorned it, but municipal care has cleared out its corners, garnished its slopes with soft sward and dainty shrubs, eased and broadened its approaches, and renovated its palaces. Though the pillared temples to pagan deities which once glorified its summit have long since vanished, the height still retains a certain stateliness of aspect which even the hard blank outlines of *Ara Cœli* fail to destroy. Whatever man may have done or undone there the memories that haunt the spot are imperishable; and as one paces slowly up the ramped slope that leads past Rienzi's effigy, the caged wolves, and the Twin Brothers, whose colossal figures and champing horses crest the brow, to the bronze and mounted presentment of Rome's noblest son, those memories crowd the mind, and cannot be put aside.

It was meet that such a place of majestic associations should be associated with the celebration of Italian unity and freedom. Here it was then that the King received in state the representatives of all the chief Italian municipalities, as well as the heads of the government and the institutions, —the spokesmen, that is to say, of the civil life of Italy. Counterfeit barriers of painted canvass walled in the open spaces between the three

palaces, and made a sheltered court of the square on the summit. Profuse floral decorations and flags bedecked the sculptured porticoes and façades. Thousands of gaily dressed men and women, the former clad in orders, uniforms, and evening dress, occupied this area, and pressed round the canopied throne, where for nearly two hours the King received the assembled deputations and personages. The addresses presented were all couched in a strain of fervid patriotism and national glorification, inseparable from such an occasion. They dilated on the loyalty of Italians to their present constitution and on the advantages that had accrued from their unification under a free central government. Whatever political spectres might haunt the background were necessarily invisible at such a moment. The King's responses were in every sense worthy of his theme and his position, as they generally are. He let it be clearly seen that he was conscious of his dignity as the latest inheritor of Roman sovereignty, the successor of that long line of rulers, kings, consuls, emperors, and pontiffs, who had for six and twenty centuries swayed the destinies of Rome.

Though some complain of the costliness of the Court, none deny the fidelity of the King to his constitutional obligations. Like the Emperor of Austro-Hungary he has a perilous course to steer between rival interests and hostile parties. If he seems to favour the one he offends the other; if he seeks to conciliate the Blacks he alienates the Whites; if he pleases the Soldier he alarms the Socialist. In such circumstances the only safe line to follow is to obey and abide by the Constitution, and that he strives to do, though even in doing that he is sometimes accused of violating its provisions, by acceding to the wishes of his Ministers. Called upon by the

exigencies of unity to maintain establishments in nearly a dozen different palaces, it is unavoidable that the expenses of the royal household should be heavy, if not extravagant, and the fact is made the most of by the Clericals; but both the King and the Queen are lavish in the dispensation of charity and in the personal encouragement of philanthropic work. Though their presence does not evoke any passionate expression of popular sympathy, the manifestations which accompany it indicate no lack of respect or popularity. It must be remembered that in Rome the dynasty is comparatively a new thing. It is barely a generation old, and it is confronted by an organisation which dates back to the times of the Cæsars.

There were other incidents of the festival of which much might be said did space permit. When the King returned from the Capitol to the Quirinal, attended by his chief Ministers, the whole route was densely crowded, though the enthusiasm was not more clamant than it had been earlier in the day. Some offence was caused, it was said, by the presence of guns at the approaches, as suggesting a distrust of popular feeling for which there was no ground. Throughout Italy, however, the army is everywhere in evidence, and in Rome the garrison is always large. At night there was a fairly successful attempt at illumination, the broad new thoroughfare of Via Nazionale being converted into a tunnel of flame by arches of iron pipes from which numberless gas-jets blazed. Clusters of electric lights towered above this avenue of fire and

the arches of the Coliseum, close by were lit up by flares of coloured light. A great reception was held in the halls of the Capitol, where "the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome" loomed grimly out of the garish splendour of modern garments, and the drooping head of the Gladiator seemed stricken by the incongruous gaiety of the throng around him. On the day following the first stone of a monument to King Charles Albert of Savoy was laid in the public garden which flanks the Quirinal. The King and the Queen with the young, handsome, and popular Count of Turin, heir-presumptive to the throne, walked across from the palace, and more patriotic speeches were delivered. Monuments to the three saviours of Italy,—Victor Emanuel, Garibaldi, and Cavour—are to be found in every city of note throughout the kingdom; and very effective they mostly are, with a boldness of design, and a breadth of pedestal in which British monuments are too often lacking. Squares, avenues, and fountains named after one or other of the three are not less numerous. The gigantic pile of masonry, which is being slowly erected in honour of the first of them at the foot of the Capitol, will enable the mind to compare the architectural genius of this age with that of the Renaissance and the Empire. Whatever else may be said of New Rome or New Italy, it cannot be said that either is deficient in any desire to commemorate the names and lives of its worthies.

JOHN ROBINSON

DANTON.¹

For French historians the Revolution is still a subject of perennial occupation, but in England it has of late years been somewhat neglected. It disputes with the French Wars of Religion and our own troubles in the seventeenth century the constant affection of the historical novelist; but no very serious English work on the period has been produced for some years, with the exception (a very notable exception) of Mr. Morse Stephens's still unfinished history. There was therefore ample space for a new study of one of the chief characters in that strangest of stories.

It is to be regretted that the two lives of Danton which have been simultaneously presented to us should both have been written from much the same stand-point. The Revolution is one of those complex movements of which we can hardly obtain a satisfactory view from a single position; certainly neither from the extreme right nor from the extreme left. And while it is true that sympathy and comprehension are so closely allied as to be almost inseparable, it is also true that sympathy with a part may be so intense as to fatally affect the endeavour to comprehend the whole. The imperfect success of Mr. Belloc's attempt has considerably marred the value of his brilliant study; in Mr. Beesly's work there is no sign of any such attempt having been made.

"To understand the Revolution,"

says M. Aulard, "we must love it. Without this love, would Michelet, for all his genius, have succeeded in divining the souls of these men and the significance of these things? And in the same way, would the historian of another popular movement, the author of the *Life of Jesus*, have so profoundly understood his hero if he had not loved Him, if he had not in his own way believed in Him?"¹ The illustration will strike many who have studied both Michelet and Renan as unfortunate; and though it is impossible to suspect M. Aulard of a disrespectful thought about the idol whose modern High Priest he is, on other lips his maxim might be wrongly interpreted. It might be thought to contain the sinister suggestion that if the Revolution is to be loved at all, it must be before it is understood. Both Mr. Beesly and Mr. Belloc are fully provided with the sentiment which M. Aulard considers their first requisite; they love the Revolution, they believe in it, but not at all in M. Renan's way; they are in fact republicans first and historians afterwards. This is particularly the case with Mr. Beesly, and it is the more to be deplored because his book seems to be written for the general, that is the uncritical reader. This may be gathered mainly from the loose and rather injudicious nature of his references to the sources of his narrative. What "a Minister of Sweden" or "a fanatically Royalist

¹ 1. *THE LIFE OF DANTON*; by A. H. Beesly. London, 1899.

2. *DANTON*; a Study by Hilaire Belloc. London, 1899.

¹ *ETUDES ET LEÇONS SUR LA REVOLUTION FRANÇAISE*; par F. A. Aulard. Paris, 1893.

writer" said is not evidence; and when he informs us that "we are told that an autograph letter has been seen," it does not seem unduly inquisitive to ask where and when. He is indignant with Lafayette for prefacing with a "probably" his supposition that Danton meant Orleans to replace Louis on the tenth of August, but he is himself too fond of the word. "This may have been true, but if true, what Danton probably aimed at was,"—"What Danton said, if he said anything, was probably this:"—such phrases occur too often; and it is a little startling to be assured that for a certain fact "there is other evidence than supposition."

But these are venial faults compared with the use of a double set of measures whenever the King is in question. Mr. Beesly relates several anecdotes representing Louis as ferocious, cowardly, coarse, and intemperate; and he proceeds to add: "All this gossip, certainly malevolent and much of it perhaps untrue, ought to be most carefully sifted, before it could be accepted as a faithful portrait of the King. Here it is quoted because, whether false or true, it equally evinces the small estimation in which he was held." It is doubtful whether the gossip of malevolent liars, however carefully sifted, should ever be accepted as a faithful portrait; but portrait-painting is not Mr. Beesly's gift. Curiously enough, much the same accusations have been brought against Danton, as against Louis. He too was described by many of his contemporaries not only as false, profligate, and corrupt, but also as ferocious, cowardly, coarse, and intemperate. Do these charges, false or true, equally evince the small estimation in which Danton was held? Not at all: "The stories about Danton," (including, it must

be supposed, those that represent him as running away from the perils he had persuaded his friends to encounter, and stealing the Archduchess's table-napkins,) "show how much he was dreaded." Something seems wanting to these conclusions; is it good faith, or merely logic?

The enthusiasm of both these biographers for their hero is unbounded, and yet the result is not completely satisfactory; neither of them has ventured to paint him "with the warts." Mr. Belloc passes rapidly over his childhood, and does not read much prophetic meaning into the boyish insubordination which reveals to Mr. Beesly's more curious gaze "the born politician and the born orator." In the pages of the latter we see Danton develop first into a cultured and industrious young barrister of spotless reputation, and then into an earnest and conciliatory statesman, in whom there is little to remind us of that earlier portrait of the formidable tribune, shaking his huge black head and roaring down his opponents with his great reverberant voice. The "orgies" of which so much has been made, were, it seems, cheerful and inexpensive dinner-parties to which a young nephew could safely be invited. Was Danton "what is now called an Agnostic?" He was still respectful to the belief of others and would often take his wife to the church-door. Is it on record that he sometimes said bad words? It was only because "in his lighter moments he used the language used by every other man he met in society." We cannot expect any conscientious biographer to invent blemishes for the artistic gratification of his readers, but one may confess to a little disappointment at finding that circumstances have not permitted the retention of a single defect, if only to remind us of

the Danton we used to know. The admission that he was "not constitutionally painstaking" does not quite meet the case.

Of the men who made, or were made by the Revolution, Danton was undoubtedly the ablest after Mirabeau. Among a crowd of untaught and unteachable theorists, he was the only man who had the power of seeing things as they are, of grasping the actual facts of the situation, of realising that, in his own words, a revolution cannot be geometrically perfect. Unlike the more respectable of his associates, he was aware that the duty of a statesman does not precisely coincide with that of an apostle, and that to combine these offices is likely to imperil either a creed or a country. He made it his business not to preach the new gospel of the Rights of Man, in which, perhaps, he was not very keenly interested, but if possible to govern France. The powerful personality of "the great Conventional," his patriotism, his eloquence, his good sense, his rare freedom from the least taint of personal rancour,—*"I am constitutionally incapable of bearing malice,"* he said, and nothing in his life contradicts him—all help to make him an attractive figure; and yet when this is admitted, the impartial student must still realise that something is wanting to the making of a statesman, a good deal to the making of a hero.

Long before 1789, the year in which Danton abandoned the career of a clever and successful barrister for wilder and darker ways, it was plain that some great social or political catastrophe was at hand. All Europe was vibrating with the expectation of an impending crisis; for financial disorder, popular discontent, the unspeakable misery of the peasantry were not, as Mr. Beesly seems to believe, the portion of France alone.

The revolution which seemed imminent in almost every Continental State in the last half of the eighteenth century, took place in France, not because the condition of the French people was worse than that of their neighbours, but because, on the whole, it was better. The cruel exactions and restrictions which oppressed the French peasant were less hopelessly severe than those which crushed his brother in Germany, Austria, and Hungary; he was no longer a serf; he often owned the field he tilled; and it was because he had been permitted to take the first steps on the path of freedom, that the fetters which still galled his limbs became intolerable to him. Nothing was left of the feudal system in France but ruined fragments, and the Revolutionists tore down a crumbling wall. *"By destroying some of the mediæval institutions,"* says de Tocqueville, *"those which were left were made a hundred times more hateful."* And the conclusion is confirmed by the fact that the old order found its most ardent defenders in those provinces,—Brittany and Poitou,—where the old feudal relations had been least affected by the modern idea. Under a ruler as adroit and unscrupulous as Louis the Eleventh or Henry the Fourth, France might have emerged from the crisis as the constitutional monarchy of which Mirabeau traced the audacious outline, in whose *"perfectly flat surface"* (a single class of citizens) he thought Richelieu would have found something to like. Under the slow-witted, kindly, honest, irresolute man who was called to that post of overwhelming difficulty, no such compromise was possible; and the pall that covered Mirabeau's coffin, as he had foreseen (what did he not foresee?) covered the monarchy too. The gentle humanity of Louis and his want of self-reliance made him singularly unfit

to deal with a nation in revolt; but his indecision and the criminal folly of his advisers were not the only elements in the process which transformed the Revolution, under the eyes of those who had hailed it as the angelic herald of peace and joy, into an object of terror and disgust. The incapacity of the King was equalled by the incapacity of the popular assemblies which took upon themselves to supersede him; the enthusiastic *bourgeois* who undertook without much reflection the government of a great nation, were fatally hindered in their task by their colossal ignorance not of affairs only, but of human nature, of life itself. In a situation so bewildering, so intoxicating in its novelty, they could not estimate with any certainty the results of any of their measures; their wish to alter the course of the ship was thoroughly commendable, but had they known more of seamanship, they would not have begun by throwing the compass overboard. Inconsequent, visionary, and impatient, they promised the country freedom and could only bestow anarchy; in the name of brotherhood and equality they placed some thousands of their fellow-citizens beyond the pale of the law; they used the ruins of the old despotism for the foundation of a tyranny as crushing as the world has yet seen. Owning no law but the will of the people they allowed the clamour of the Parisian populace to drown that greater voice. "Paris alone," says Mr. Belloc, "made the fourteenth of July, almost alone the tenth of August, alone and against France the second of June. It was the rule of Paris that made the whole course of the Revolution." The statement has been disputed, but not, I think, disproved. The peasantry formed the bulk of the nation, and the peasant was inaudible under the new order as under the old. He

had no place in the National Assembly; its aspirations were not his; he begged for bread and they gave him a Constitution, for peace and they thrust a pike into his hand, for unity and order, and behold the black labyrinths of the Terror, and beyond them Napoleon. By the spring of 1793 two representatives on mission, members of the extreme revolutionary party, reported to the Convention that "the whole country is sick of the Revolution." Even the heroism of the army, the glory in which its great achievements draped France, cannot conceal the squalid misery to which she was reduced; never was that great nation "so splendid without, so soiled within."

With the work of national defence Danton's name is inseparably connected; it is his best title to remembrance. But in his foreign policy there is nothing distinctively democratic. On the contrary, he had no difficulty in perceiving that in international affairs, the Republic must speak the same language as the Monarchy, if it wished to make itself heard. Thus, when the Convention had promised protection to any people desirous of resisting the oppression of a tyrant, Danton pointed out that, "This somewhat vague decree would pledge us to go to the aid of any patriot who might choose to make a revolution in China. It is time for the Convention to show Europe that we know how to unite political capacity to republican virtues. We must think first of the safety of the body politic." And when he proposed the annexation of Belgium, the republican virtues were set so far in the background that they became invisible; Richelieu would have been proud of his disciple.

Had Danton seen as clear and as far in other directions as he did in foreign affairs, he might have saved France not only from the Prussian

invader but possibly from herself. But that great task was beyond him ; and the lack of personal ambition, which prevented him from being a good party leader, the readiness to compromise which led to his being suspected of inconsistency and vacillation, only partially account for his failure as a statesman. It was mainly due to his want of foresight and perception. He shared naturally, to some extent, the limitations of his colleagues ; his robust common-sense did not compensate for his lack of training and experience, and without Mirabeau's knowledge of the world he could not estimate the probable action of the forces which he contributed to release. At the beginning of his political life he committed himself to the advanced revolutionary position. The placards which invited the Parisian mob to march on Versailles (October, 1789,) were signed by his name ; standing on the altar on the Champ de Mars (July, 1791,) he read to the crowd the petition which demanded that the throne should be pronounced empty, because of the King's flight to Varennes ; it was he who was chiefly responsible for the insurrection of August 10th (1792), when, in reply to the threats of the Prussian invaders, a furious attack on the Tuileries drove the royal family to take refuge in the Assembly, to be led thence prisoners to the Temple. He assisted, that is to say, to shatter the machinery of government without any clear idea of how to replace it ; and he did not recognise till too late that any government was better than none.

The tenth of August was a memorable date in Danton's history and in the history of the Revolution. It marks the end of the Monarchy and the beginning of the Republic ; but it was hardly less fatal to the one than to the other. The day which dawned blood-red over the palace,

rose not less ominously over the half empty hall close by in which the representatives of the nation sat listening to the musket-shots without. On that day the stronger of the Revolutionary leaders, with Danton at their head, deliberately set law aside in favour of force ; and with the National Assembly sitting impotent and degraded before the insurrectionary fury of the populace, the republican ideal faded finally into the mists from which it rose and France entered unaware upon the reign of terror.

With the Monarchy, the common enemy disappeared, but peace and order were now further off than ever. Louis had not known how to rule, but he knew how to die ; and the serene dignity of his last days sent home to the hearts and consciences of his people the appeal which his misfortunes had already made, not wholly in vain. But his death did not only alienate the sympathy of France from the Revolutionists of Paris ; it set them free to turn their swords upon each other.

Danton saw plainly the shameful folly of party quarrels while a foreign army was crossing the frontier ; and to avert that additional danger there was nothing he was not willing to forego or to forget. But other men's memories were more tenacious than his, or their attachment to their country less disinterested and less unfaltering. In vain he repudiated Marat and held out his hand to the Girondists ; they would not take it, it was not clean enough ; they chose rather to die than to be saved by Danton. Doomed to associate with colleagues whom he despised but whom he could neither conciliate nor control, too often a follower of the rabble he was supposed to be leading, he was forced to masquerade as a ferocious demagogue, lest the appearance of humanity and moderation should disgust them.

After four years of anarchy he acknowledged that France needed a dictator; and he did his best to provide what was wanted in the Revolutionary tribunal. They had arrived, he said, at a point when the public safety required terrible measures; and he could see no halting-place between the ordinary law which he had left far behind him, and the monstrous possibilities of the Tribunal. But he was not strong enough to control the machine he had invented, nor dishonest enough to pretend that government by guillotine had advanced the regeneration of France. "For demanding the institution of the Revolutionary Tribunal," he said when his own turn came to follow the Girondists to the scaffold, "I ask pardon of God and man." And he added: "I am leaving everything in a terrible muddle."

On the subject of the September massacres Danton's biographers have naturally much to say. His connection with them has been generally considered the darkest blot on his name; and the defence which Mr. Belloc here presents is the weakest page in his book. Longwy had capitulated to the Prussians on August 24th, and Verdun was taken on the 30th. Paris was in a frenzy of alarm and indignation when Danton declared that the tenth of August "has divided France into two parties, one of which is attached to Royalty, the other desires the Republic. The latter as you cannot disguise from yourselves is in a very small minority. To disconcert their measures and to check the enemy, the Royalists must be frightened." His apologists say that he was thinking only of the Royalists at large who were corresponding with the invaders, and not of the Royalists who were crowding the prisons; but the Commune of Paris did not concern itself with the dis-

tinction. On Sunday, September 2nd, a small, well-organised band of murderers invaded the prisons and a systematic and orderly torture and butchery went on all day; at night the committee of one of the sections of Paris dared not refuse to send wine and food "for the brave workmen who were delivering the nation from its enemies." After the political prisoners, of whom the most illustrious was the Princess de Lamballe, it was the turn of humbler victims, of the women and girls in the hospital prison of the Salpêtrière, of the unhappy wretches confined at Bicêtre. Forty-three of these were under eighteen. "The murderers said that it was much more difficult to finish off the children than the grown men," reported one who was present; "at that age one has such a hold of life." The slaughter continued for four days. Mr. Belloc reminds us that the number of the murdered has been greatly exaggerated; it is generally reckoned at a thousand, but it may only have been seven hundred. Mr. Beesly deprecates too severe a condemnation, because much the same thing was done, he says, at Austerlitz, "by a general who may recount his order without a blush." They both assure us that Danton was radiantly innocent of the affair. In the first place, says Mr. Beesly, it was not his business, as Minister of Justice, but that of Roland, as Minister of the Interior, to preserve the peace and security of the citizens. Secondly, any one in his position "must have had much else to do which at the time seemed even more urgently imperative" than the arrest of the long agony of defenceless men and women. Thirdly, he could not have interfered without risking his popularity, possibly his life. In this view Mr. Belloc concurs. After the tenth of August Danton was, he says, the foremost man in

France, "practically the Executive himself." And yet, if he had wished to act it would have been impossible. But did he wish to act? Mr. Belloc is too honest and too well informed to assert it. To attempt to stop the massacres would have been, he thinks, to risk his influence, "To win something that was not precious to him at all,—the lives of a mass of men, the bulk of whom demanded the success of the invasion."

What a heavy sentence is this which falls from the lips of Danton's eager advocate! So ignorant was he then of the spiritual aspects of life, that he did not recognise that there was here no mere question of "the lives of a mass of men;" so blind that he did not see that the deepest wound made by the murderer's knife was in the heart of his young Republic: the "thing that was not precious to him at all" was the vital principle of justice; and his indifference, not his impotence, condemns him. But Mr. Belloc's moral sense is more acute than he would have us believe, and a certain uneasiness, a certain regret, pierces the justification he presses upon us. Had it been Danton who struggled to the Carmes with his two policemen, in a vain effort to stop the slaughter, how he would have rejoiced to paint for us his heroic failure. But it was that commonplace person, the Procureur Manuel, who forced his way through the crowd, while Danton silently turned his back on the murderers till the time came to defend them in the Convention. It is not easy to believe that neither his silence nor his speech accuses him.

Mr. Belloc has no hesitation in accepting the whole of the Revolution legend, including the cheers of the Vengeur; he reminds us indeed of Lord Beaconsfield's saying that there are only two events in history,—the

Siege of Troy and the French Revolution. He has carefully studied both the older and newer writers, and while he is most sensible of his obligations to the modern school, his book owes still more to a greater than any of them; he has caught from Michelet something of his warmth and his sincerity, and something too of his imaginative power. He holds, as Michelet did, that everything that came after the Revolution was directly due to it; indeed in some cases it seems to have exercised a kind of retrospective beneficence. "How many unquestioned dogmas," he says, "were suddenly brought out [by the Revolution] to broad daylight! All our modern indecision, our confused philosophies, spring from that stirring of the depths. Is property a right? Is marriage sacred? Have we duties to the State, to the land? All these questions begin to be raised." But both Voltaire and Rousseau lived and wrote before the National Assembly of 1789; and men had not waited till their time, as Mr. Belloc suggests they did, "to rise up and ask, 'Is there a God?'" He even calls upon his readers to admire the religious influence of the Revolution. "There are to-day," he says, "more monasteries and convents in France, more of the clergy, both regular and secular, by far more missionaries than there were in 1789. The Revolution, for all its antagonism, gave to the Faith a new life." It is generally admitted that persecution either exterminates or stimulates faith; and still we are slow to congratulate the persecutor upon his services. And for the rest, the statement is as true of England as of France; so that perhaps we ought to connect the increase of religious activity in the English Church with the destruction of the Bastille.

But there are one or two conse-

quences of the Revolution or of the form it took (and we cannot separate soul and body) which he has forgotten to enumerate, but which a dispassionate observer cannot well overlook. One of these is the permanent distrust of France which it created without her borders. "In this crisis," says M. Aulard, "the French nation showed the depths of her being. Men saw then what this people was, what it could do, and they thought they saw what it might some day be." M. Aulard utters the sentence with a note of triumph in his voice; and we repeat the words after him but not in triumph. For what Europe saw in that crisis was a very ugly sight, and one that will never be quite forgotten. By many students of national character the Terror is not only regarded as an indelible stain on the French reputation, but also as a hideous revelation of the possibilities of French nature.

Guizot tells us that while in English history we perceive "no old element

perishing entirely, no new one wholly triumphant," on the Continent, on the other hand, "each system, each principle has in some degree had its turn. In the Continental States all political experiments, so to speak, have been fuller and more complete." The statement is too sweeping to be accepted without qualifications, but France at least has lent herself very fully to its illustration. For a little more than a hundred years that country has been governed by a series of political experiments, of which the great Revolution was the first and the most remarkable. Experiments on so large a scale are naturally costly, but one truth at least has been plainly demonstrated by them; and that is that, in changing a nation's form of government, one does not change very much; a country may wrench itself loose from its own past without releasing itself from one of the elements of which, for good or evil, that past was made.

H. C. MACDOWALL.

THE TRUE POET OF IMPERIALISM.

THE rapid development of Imperialist sentiment in our time is one of the most notable incidents of recent history, following, as it does, on a period so sterile in Imperial ideas. In 1841 Sir Robert Peel was willing to let Upper and Lower Canada go their own ways. In 1852 Lord Beaconsfield was restive under "those wretched Colonies." In 1870 Mr. Froude, writing to Mr. John Skelton, alluded to "G. & Co." (meaning Mr. Gladstone) as desirous of seeing the Colonies go into separate political life. In 1873 THE TIMES advised the Canadians to take up their freedom, as "the days of their apprenticeship were over." The late Mr. Forster was the first to make head against this policy; it was he who first gave an authoritative voice to the arguments in favour of retaining the Colonies, of uniting them, and of promoting an Imperial Federation. Whatever may be the ultimate fate of the movement for Federation, the name of Mr. Forster must retain the place of honour as the first serious promoter of an ambitious and splendid scheme.

But the Imperialist sentiment is not due wholly to statesmen; the poets also have a claim upon our recognition. At present it is somewhat the fashion to attribute the sudden precipitation of patriotic feeling to Mr. Kipling. No one will grudge him his full measure of credit, or doubt that he has before him a desirable and memorable career as an exponent of British sentiment. But at the same time no one can have read Lord Tennyson's biography with-

out recognising that he held strong Imperialist views in the days when those views were not popular; and taking the biography and the poems together we may easily find in both a splendid body of patriotic policy expressed in noble verse.

The series of Imperialist poems began in 1852, when the outbreak of French petulance produced an equal outbreak of patriotic fervour on the side of England. Tennyson, with his usual historical impulse, sang strongly:

We were the best of marksmen long ago,
We won old battles with our strength the bow;
Now practise, yeomen,
Like those bowmen
Till your balls fly as their true shafts have flown.
Yeomen, guard your own.

And curiously enough in his other contemporary patriotic song he struck that note of friendly feeling for America, the echoes of which have never quite ceased to vibrate, and which have so notably awakened in our own present time:

Gigantic daughter of the West,
We drink to thee across the flood,
We know thee most, we love thee best,
For art thou not of British blood?
Should war's mad blast again be blown,
Permit not thou the tyrant Powers
To fight thy mother here alone,
But let thy broadsides roar with ours.
Hands all round,
God the tyrant's cause confound,
To our great kinsmen of the West, my friends,
And the great name of England round and round.

There may, perhaps, be some reasonable doubt about the permanence of any policy of alliance with a nation which has little unity of popular sentiment, and which for political purposes is influenced, if not dominated, by a foreign and varied vote; but in the main the mass of purely American people is friendly to Great Britain; and the appeal of Tennyson, still read in the homes and ringing in the ears of Americans, will not in the end be forgotten and will not, in due time, have been in vain.

Against the Napoleonic régime, at its beginning at least, Tennyson, in common with most of the literary class, was strongly hostile, and his poem entitled *THE THIRD OF FEBRUARY*, 1852, contains vigorous and stately denunciation as well as lofty appeals to the historic passion of England:

As long as we remain, we must speak free,
Tho' all the storm of Europe on us break;
No little German state are we,
But the one voice of Europe: we *must*
speak;
That if to-night our greatness were
struck dead,
There might be left some record of the
things we said.

That is a splendid presentation of the consciousness of National greatness and dignity; no poet of our time has presented the same idea with the same strength and charm. When the poet turns in his mood, from self-assertion to challenge and denunciation, his language is equally lofty. The French Emperor is in question:

Shall we fear *him*? Our own we never
feared.

From our first Charles by force we
wrung our claims.

Pricked by the Papal spur, we rear'd,
We flung the burthen of the second
James.

I say, we *never* feared! And as for
these,

We broke them on the land, we drove
them on the seas.

No. 477.—VOL. LXXX.

The peremptory vigour and natural pride of these two concluding lines have never been equalled in our time, have never been surpassed in any time; and we are not assuming too much when we say that the feelings they express are always very near the lips and hands of English-speaking men in all parts of the world.

It was not alone to the passion and pride of his fellow-countrymen that Tennyson appealed; he never ignored the National conscience. Long before the more recent refrain of *Lest we forget* had become familiar to our ears, Tennyson had given forth this note of warning and exhortation:

A people's voice! we are a people yet.
Tho' all men else their nobler dreams
forget,
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless
Powers;
Thank Him who isled us here, and
roughly set
His Briton in blown seas and storming
showers,
We have a voice, with which to pay
the debt
Of boundless love and reverence and
regret
To those great men who fought and
kept it ours.
And keep it ours, oh God, from brute
control;
Oh Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye,
the soul
Of Europe, keep our noble England
whole,
And save the one true seed of freedom
sown
Betwixt a people and their ancient
throne,
That sober freedom out of which there
springs
Our loyal passion for our temperate
kings;
For, saving that, ye help to save man-
kind
Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
And drill the raw world for the march
of mind,
Till crowds at length be sane and
crowns be just.

That is at once an appeal to the
National conscience and to the

National reason. It was written long before the author of RECESSIONAL was born. While we may admit the opportunities of the newer voices, we must not forget or neglect the record of what our greater poet, master as he was of the power and music of the English tongue, sang to us not so many years ago.

Tennyson's eye was ever on any part of the empire where the pulse of National being was beating most quickly; and he neglected no episode of courage and daring, no act of endurance, no event of peace or war which added to the National honour. In his DEFENCE OF LUCKNOW, while he celebrates the valour and energy of the British soldier, he does not ignore the loyal heroism of the natives who remained true to our cause.

Praise to our Indian brothers, and let
the dark face have his due!
Thanks to the kindly dark faces who
fought with us, faithful and few,
Fought with the bravest among us, and
drove them, and smote them, and slew,
That ever upon the topmost roof our
banner in India blew.

When we read more modern tributes to the heroism of our native allies we may recognise the justice of them; but we must not forget that it was Tennyson who set the fashion, and turned the mind of England gratefully towards those who stood by us, though they knew that all the impulses that had run through their race for a thousand years were on the side and in the bosoms of the mutineers.

When the pulses of certain public men were beating but feebly in response to Colonial protestations of loyalty, the voice of Tennyson was raised in that fine address to the Queen at the close of THE IDYLLS OF THE KING, which brought forth Lord Dufferin's warm acknowledgment. He wrote from Rideau Hall, Ottawa, in 1873:

Amongst no people have I ever met more contentment with their general condition, a more legitimate pride in all those characteristics which constitute their nationality, or a firmer faith in the destinies in store for them. Your noble words have struck responsive fire from every heart; they have been published in every newspaper and have been completely effectual to heal the wounds occasioned by the senseless language of THE TIMES.

The senseless language was that to which we referred at the beginning of this paper; and the poet's lines which evoked so much comment and admiration were as follows:

And that true North, whereof we lately
heard
A strain to shame us: "Keep you to
yourselves;
So loyal is too costly! Friends, your
love
Is but a burthen: loose the bond and
go."
Is this the tone of Empire? Here the
faith
That made us rulers? This, indeed,
her voice
And meaning, whom the roar of
Hougoumont
Left mightiest of all peoples under
Heaven?

The voice and meaning of England was never perhaps fully and fairly expressed by the Separatist party in England. If it was so expressed, there has been a great and, we may hope, a final change. The process of conversion and conviction has been gradual but certain, and Mr. Forster's ideas have become a permanent part of political opinion. In 1875 the late Lord Derby said:

When I entered Parliament in 1849, and for years afterwards, a Member who should have laid stress on the importance of keeping up the connection with the Colonies would have been set down by advanced thinkers as holding respectable, but old-fashioned and obsolete ideas. The doctrine most in favour was that a Colonial Empire added nothing to real

strength, involved needless expense, and increased the liability to war. Now everybody is for holding on to the Colonies which we have got; and a good many people seem to be in favour of finding new ones.

He was unable himself to take very hopeful views of the workable character of schemes for Federation; but he recognised the fact that opinion had advanced, in two or three years, upon that subject. Since his time the advance has been more marked, and though we are still far from having before us a workable scheme, we have at least entertained with favour the idea that such a scheme will at some not distant day be produced; and many intelligent, if yet unsuccessful, attempts have already been made to produce it. And now the poetry of Tennyson has become the policy of statesmen:

The loyal to their crown
Are loyal to their own far sons, who
love
Our Ocean-Empire with her boundless
homes
For ever-broadening England, and her
throne
In our vast Orient, and our isle, one
isle,
That knows not her own greatness; if
she knows
And dreads it, we are fall'n.

We may now feel safe in the assurance that she does know it and does not dread it, and is not fallen but stronger than ever for the knowledge.

In his verses on the opening of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition in 1886 Tennyson once more gave voice to his Imperialist views. He expressed his regret for the one great separation of the race, and his hope for a federal union of what we had gained and kept since then.

Sharers of our glorious past,
Brothers, must we part at last?
Shall we not thro' good and ill
Cleave to one another still?
Britain's myriad voices call:
"Sons, be welded each and all
Into one Imperial whole,
One with Britain, heart and soul!
One life, one flag, one fleet, one throne!
Britons, hold your own."

There has been, we think, some little tendency to overlook this Imperial note in the verse of the greatest poet of our age. Catching phrases and felicitous occasional verses have fastened themselves on the fancy of the multitude; and vigorous, if somewhat vulgar, appeals to common minds and to material forms of thought have had much popularity. There has been a disposition to entertain ideas too favourable to mere national greed, to warlike passion for the sake of war, and some leaning towards admiration for the coarser side of our military life, and the more hectoring spirit of our National politics. In Tennyson's poetry nothing of the kind will be found. The air he gives his readers to breathe is too rare and pure for any but our best to breathe in; and they are our best who do their duty best and with the purest motives, whether that duty be fighting, or trading, or prospecting, or colonising, or taking part in the vast and varied machinery of government. Such at these prevail and rule in the end. As long as they remain with us, part of our National vitality and part of our Imperial hope, so long will they instinctively find inspiration in the pages of Tennyson. And while this is so we may be sure that the future history of the Empire, though it may be stormy, will not be stained.

A CHELSEA MANUSCRIPT.

(EDITED BY RONALD McNEILL.)

ONE other matter, too, shines clear to me through the ever deepening mist of that "Age of Victoria." This, namely, that the appointed Guardian of English souls in that age, called Anglican Church by mortal men, is now in very palpable commotion;—in very travail is our poor Mother, Anglican Church. Hot, and ever hotter debate do her sons now hold under the stars. "Is our poor Mother in very truth Anglican, think you, at all?" "Roman, then?"—"Nay, surely Genevan." Thus do our poor Mother's truculent sons hold high debate under Heaven; busy with the Name and Time-title of her;—of her Honour, and God-given *character*, careless enough.

Surely, of all matters hitherto debated by sons of Adam, this of our Anglican Church is incomprehensible! "Age of Victoria"? I had thought our "Age of Elizabeth" had settled all that:—Scarlet Woman packed to her seven hills never to set wanton foot on English hills more. Thus far, we verily supposed, had we brought it from "pestilent priest" Becket, Langton Charter and "*Ecclesia Anglicana libera Sit*," Præmunire Statutes, Royal Supremacies, Smithfield burnings;—thus far, to total abolition of said Scarlet Woman and consignment of her and her trappings—Confessions, Incense-burnings, all manner of ceremonial garniture and Mass-furniture—to Denial and Everlasting Oblivion. Not so. We will proceed, if you please, in our Age of Enlightenment, and not without heat,

solemnly to debate the matter; will, with "Church Unions," "Church Associations" and the like, proceed to dissect scientifically or unscientifically the character of our Mother.

It is the year of grace, 1835, or thereabouts, as Dryasdust tells me, wherein I discern in this England a cloud like a man's hand, like enough to become Elijah-rainstorm, not altogether of the fructifying species. England is busy in this time,—or, if not busy, at least noisy—and debates Parliament Reforms, Progress of Science, &c., with or without enlightenment. But it is in the Silence, as ever, that seed is planted which with due tending shall grow to umbrageous tree, bearing fruit, sweet or bitter. But, "Of what Species shall the tree be?" This is a question of some importance in a scientific and enlightened Age. Oak, think you?—or, oh Heavens!—upas? We will wait till it grow, and then—will debate the matter.

Dimly, through Dryasdust's telescope, do I perceive a certain young gentleman of the pedagogic-spiritual sort preparing lectures in Oriel College, preparing sermons for Mary's Church in Oxford,—a reverend young gentleman with thoughts in his head, significant perhaps. It is young Mr. Newman who sits there in Oriel College,—a learned, reverend young gentleman reading all manner of Church Fathers and the like, preparing seed of oak or upas. To pedagogic-spiritual Mr. Newman it would seem there are matters

worthier of debate than Parliament Reforms. The character of our poor Mother, *Ecclesia Anglicana*,—this is of all matters the momentousest for the reverend young gentleman. O reverend Mr. Newman, with what infinite searchings of heart, searchings of Church Fathers and all the children of Dryasdust, wilt thou discover that our poor "Age of Elizabeth," which we hoped had been an Age of Heroism and Fact, was after all clearly an Age of Quackery and Sham-Fact!—that our *Ecclesia Anglicana* is no true child of Reality and Protestant Reformation, but bastard child of Babylonish Scarlet Woman! This, in thine Oriel silence, sowing seed of oak or upas, by Tract Ninety and Church Father learning thou wilt indisputably prove. Nevertheless,—some ten years or more, now gone—I perceive that our reverend friend, doubtful now of our poor Mother's virtue, or even flatly denying the same, hath, with due "Apology" to all concerned, betaken himself to his Grandmother, veritable Scarlet Woman herself; and will of her Babylonish cloth furnish himself a Hat.

Thus, like Discord from banquet of the gods, friend Newman, with due Apology made, departs leaving on our Anglican board his apple "for the Fairest." Approach, then, claimant goddesses, that our Paris,—English Demos namely—may award. Catholicism, Protestantism, Liberalism;—which is fairest, think you? Alas! Demos-Paris has not one voice, but many voices. Poor Demos-Paris can in no wise award—cannot so much as rightly speak; can only debate; and our goddesses may wrangle it till Ilion fall—till crack of Doom. Meanwhile, may we not somewhat assist said wrangle with our "Church Associations," "Church Unions," "Gorham Judgments," Privy

Councillings and Parliament Acts? Nay, may not Liberalism too press her claim, and at least write some "Essays and Reviews"? Liberalism is clearly of Teutonic parentage, hateful to "Apologia"-Newman, hateful to Orthodoxy of whatsoever species. Clearly, Orthodoxy will have no "Essays and Reviews," will inexorably send all writers of such to Darkness and Oblivion. Say you so, my learned friend? Amid those spectral ghosts, hateful to Orthodoxy, do I not dimly discern a certain Temple, not unknown to me? What if said Temple should, by assiduous pedagogic travail, get himself gaiters?—Orthodoxy of whatsoever species would thereat make lamentation, one might surmise, audible to Dryasdust.

Audible too, is the ever growing debate of the sons of our *Ecclesia Anglicana*. Audible,—and sorrowful, tragic! Verily, Man, debating in the deep heart of him, in silence, in meditation, how best to hold converse with the Eternal,—that were indeed worth much. But Man, debating not in any degree that, or in that manner;—debating, rather, with crackling as of burnt sticks, with hissings as of serpents, with Associations, Unions, Apologias, Tract Ninety, and Thirty-Nine or other Articles; debating in what *garments*, with what *posture*, he shall present himself before some symbol of the Eternal,—symbol for the most part now grown to be no symbol—; O Heaven! that were indeed a debate of owls and bats hooting through Night and Chaos! Yet this, and no other has now in our "Age of Enlightenment,"—"Age of Victoria" having by this time a Jubilee or two to its credit, as Dryasdust informs me—become the question of questions for all loyal sons of our Anglican Mother. "Heavens! Dost thou pray Westward, Orthodoxy (of the Catholic species) affirming it shall

be Eastward? Is thy Soul no Fact then, nor Tartarus deep? And dost thou frock thyself in black; knowest thou not such to be Devil's livery? The Almighty, I do assure thee, Protestant friend, hath an eye for colour! Get thee copes therefore, and chasubles, albs, and variegated prayer-clothes changing with Earth's seasons, to cover thy breeches withal. And get thee incense to perfume our souls withal, if haply the Eternal may give heed to us. And such misdemeanours as may be in any son of Adam, let us confess them—not in the Eternal Silence, like blind old Hebrew Prophets and the like—but to thee, Reverend Mr. Chasuble, to thee Reverend Mr. Eastward-Posture." Catholicism furnished with incense-smoke, with variegated prayer-clothes changing with the seasons, confessing misdemeanours to Reverend Mr. Eastward-Posture—is not she indubitably fairest? "Nay," answers Protestantism, "rather is she indubitably daughter of Babylon, daughter beyond question of Deceit and Beelzebub. As for me, thou, who knowest thine 'Age of Elizabeth,'—thou knowest of what Parentage I am. Am not I fairest?" Alas! thou many-voiced Demos-Paris, thou answerest Yea, answerest Nay—clear decisive speech thou hast not, O thou many-voiced!

Meantime Reverend Temple,—he whom we last saw writing certain "Essays and Reviews"—has for years past had gaiters; is not now Reverend Pedagogue, but Right Reverend Father. Audible lamentation of Orthodoxy? Nay, Orthodoxy is now silent,—applauding even. For Right Reverend Father writes no Essays and Reviews more; has sent all such to Oblivion, has become a veritable Temple of Orthodoxy; lays hands on Reverend Eastward-Posture with mitre and rochet and all due and proper Catholic-Episcopal vesti-

ture; sits now in the seat of old Augustine and of vitriolic Dr. Laud, Orthodoxy applauding audibly enough.

I observe, therefore, that for some years past Reverend Posture and Reverend Chasuble have had no let nor hindrance, no Souls-Overseer any longer holding a curb;—curbing, indeed, with "Episcopal Veto" any who would hinder the reverend gentlemen. The reverend gentlemen can now enjoy their postures and haberdashery without question. Protestantism? Was it not clearly a bubble on the stream of Time, now happily vanished into nothingness? If one considers it, Protestantism was perhaps somewhat more than a bubble; may have depths and ocean-tides in it unseen by the reverend gentlemen, but flowing silent and strong in English hearts. May there not be still somewhere in England, as in the Age of Oliver, some Jenny Geddes with a stool, ready, if need arise, to cry to the reverend gentlemen, "Wilt thou say Mass at my lug?" One such I do, indeed, discover hidden among the dust of that time, and not altogether unmemorable,—an obscure seller of books, and a scandalous person, Mr. Chasuble assures me, who even sets up a "brawling" within consecrated brick walls, protesting loudly against sacred incense-perfumery and the like. Indubitably a scandalous fellow, showing no deference to Chasuble and Posture. Nay, he will even beard Right Reverend Fathers, and prove if we have Admirable Creightons, or the reverse of admirable; and will, with "brawling" and protests, and in what way soever possible, with or without throwing of stools, say to the reverend gentlemen, "Wilt thou say Mass at my lug?" Obscure scandalous seller of books finds powder dry for his match and makes a notable blaze of it, not easily to be extinguished by lawn-sleeves.

Furthermore, by laborious delving in Dryasdust's bottomless pits, and certain old TIMES newspaper rubbish-bins, the modern reader may about this time hear a sound as of distant storm-portending thunder rolling up from Norman William's New Forest. Think not, O modern reader, the thunder is voice of Norman William. Not of Norman William is the voice, but of Plantagenet William. It is our Right Honourable Friend, Harcourt—known to Dryasdust. Through the Immensities of Space will the voice of our Right Honourable Friend echo like trumpet of brass, heard of gods and men, proclaiming to all and sundry that Protestantism is in very truth the fairest. Did not our Right Honourable Friend long since, on this same business, withstand a very Gladstone to the face, as Apostle Paul withstood Apostle Peter? A trusty, valiant, not unsubstantial Man, is our Right Honourable Plantagenet-Protestant! Give ear then, every English son of Adam! Plantagenet-Protestant proclaims under high Heaven that Apologia-Newman's seed was no true acorn,—properly no acorn at all, true or false. For see, have we not here a upas tree? A most indubitable upas tree, O Plantagenet-Protestant; wherein whoso hath eyes may discern nests of Vampires, of Devils.

And do we not now clearly perceive, moreover, *duce Gulielmo*, that Reverend Mr. Posture himself—whether Eastward or not Eastward—is palpably Reverend Mr. *Im-Posture*?—palpably priest of Babylon and chaos—priest in fact, beyond all question, of the God of Flies? Plantagenet-Protestant we saw formerly, by assiduous help of Dryasdust, to be in Parliament, to be a sort of leader there, performing such Time-duties there as were in him to perform; oblivious enough, Dryasdust

would have me believe, of other than Time-duties. I perceive, however, that our Right Honourable Friend has before this got himself out of that trade; has resolutely, and with whatever of Sincerity and true Fact lies in him, turned his back on all that; will desist for evermore from all Parliament-leading, Time-duties—nay, from Death-duties, Quackery, Home-Rulery, and Knavery of whatsoever sort; and will, henceforth, instead thereof proclaim with Plantagenet-Protestant thunder from Norman William's forest yonder, echoing through all Temples of Orthodoxy at Lambeth or elsewhere, that we will have no more Imposture, whether Reverend, or as is more like, quite un-Reverend; that our poor Mother *Ecclesia Anglicana* shall be forthwith purged of all humours—Apologia-Newmanism, Puseyism, Ritualism, Incenseism (which, if you well consider it, is like to prove *Incendiarism*) variegated Babylonish vestitureism;—that these, and all such are but foul exhalations of Black Tartarus, which shall not in this land of England any longer be.

Gently my Right Honourable Friend! What says my Lord of Halifax? Hath not my Lord twelve legions of Angels at call—a certain “Church Union,” namely, increasing in these times, I think, by a thousand per calendar month? “Not upas tree at all,” I hear my Lord affirm, “but stout English oak, sheltering all men.” “Nor,” continues the noble Lord, “was the acorn of Apologia-Newman's planting, but of his *tending* merely. Apologia-Newman but *cleared* our oak's branches of pestilent obstructions, Swiss or German ivy to wit, Tudor mistletoe, sap-sucking parasites of this and that species, and gave our oak freedom and breath of Heaven; our acorn was planted by old Augustine some time back, and by Heaven's rain

and sunshine has now grown to what ye see." So speaks the noble Lord; so speaks our Union increasing by a thousand per calendar month; so speaks Reverend Mr. Posture. Wilt thou not then obey Right Reverend Orthodoxy Temple, friend Posture? He our Right Reverend Arch-Overseer writes no Essays and Reviews in these times; he will, with all graciousness, be pleased to hear you and decide the matter; nay,—will even invite Right Reverend York to sit beside him, and they two, with proper Catholic-Episcopal vestiture and Church Father-learning, not without inward sympathy moreover, will actually hear what you have to say in this business. Didst thou not swear an oath before high Heaven to obey Right Reverend Overseers? What say you, Reverend Sir? My Lord—what?

Thus far, then, have these high debates brought themselves; and now,—as I learn from Dryasdust—Reverend Mr. Posture, Mr. Chasuble, my Lord of Halifax and two thousand or more friends of theirs, gather in some Holborn Hall Conference, and there, or elsewhere, prepare to make answer. Answer significant enough they do in fact duly deliver:—"To all and sundry whom it may or may not concern, hear the reply of Chasuble, Posture, and Company. We the said Company do hereby declare that we will gladly and with all humility obey our Right Reverend Fathers in all things according to oath taken; Provided always—" What! Reverend gentlemen, Provisos? Provided—what, then? "Provided always that decisions of said Right Reverend Fathers do in all particulars agree with the desires of us Chasuble, Posture, and Company." This then is the answer authentically delivered by Reverend gentlemen increasing by a thousand per calendar month in

your Age of Enlightenment. It is a fact worth considering.

Strange, diverse "forms of Worship" have I known among men since Time began:—still voices speaking in Horeb solitudes within the deep heart of man: Juggernaut cars and Negro fetish:—Highest, and also Lowest. But stranger have I known none than this of your Age of Enlightenment, Age of Victoria:—veritable haberdasher-worship of an Almighty with an eye for colour. Reverend gentlemen, increasing by a thousand per calendar month, and standing not merely at the confluence of two Eternities, but even in an Age of Enlightenment, have now finally, after due examination of the matter, decided that the deep Infinite Mysteries whereby Human in this world may hold converse with Divine, require of thee that thou take pence to the Church-grocer to buy incense-smoke withal; require *this* colour to thy frock, and not *that* colour; require thee to face *this* point of compass and not *that* point. Alas, thou old Horeb prophet, my friend Dryasdust tells me thou didst not live in an Age of Enlightenment; thou hadst therefore but cloak of quite uncanonical hue and texture, and hadst to content thyself with that "still small voice;" fronting the while, as is like enough I fear, some wholly unorthodox quarter of high Heaven. O Horeb Prophet!—O Reverend Mr. Posture!—Aye friend Hamlet, sorrowfully at thy bidding, do I look on this picture and on that.

And now, the assiduous modern reader may, by diligent search, perceive through the murk of the Past that volcanic fires glow in the heart of Plantagenet-Protestant; glow, indeed, in the hearts of quite *un*-Plantagenet Protestants, and simmer there, insurgent. To such a length have our

noble Lords with Unions increasing by a thousand per calendar month, and obscure sellers of books seeking vainly for Admirable Creightons, now brought the business of dissecting scientifically our Mother's character. No determination of the business as yet so much as perceivable. Must our Parliament then move in the business—Parliament now loaded with "Nonconformist conscience," Irish Babylonianism and the like, and ready to explode in such a business? Nevertheless, if by no other means, then even by explosive Parliamentary means. For it is a

matter that by Parliamentary or un-Parliamentary devices needs to get itself determined. Deep-scheming Cecil will perhaps step across from his Celestial despatches and settle it for us? Slim Scotch Balfour, not without some "Foundations of Belief" in him,—were not he a likely one for the job? Upas or Oak? Vampire nests or Paradise-bird nests? That is the question, needing now of all things—answer. Must our tree be *felled* then, before answer given? If in no other way, then even so. Answer is known to Dryasdust; to all other mortal men—unknown.

THE REAL D'ARTAGNAN.

ONLY the other day, in the pages of a popular author, I found the elder Dumas described as "one of the great giants of Romance, the master-mind that invented D'Artagnan." Dumas may have been one of the great giants of Romance, but he did not invent D'Artagnan. That magnificent Gascon was made of flesh and blood, not of ink and imagination; his battles, loves, and friendships were not solely the brilliant creations of a great author. Readers of *LES MEMOIRES DE M. D'ARTAGNAN* know these things, and they know also that the musketeer's three friends, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, share with him a historic foundation. I propose in this paper to inform the admirers of that gallant band who D'Artagnan, Porthos, Athos, and Aramis really were. In collecting my facts I desire to acknowledge the powerful assistance received from M. de Jauregain, M. d'Auriac, and other distinguished French writers on this, and kindred, subjects.

The true name of the Comte d'Artagnan, the hero of the Memoirs, was Charles de Batz-Castelmore, the Castelmore being territorial. The surname D'Artagnan (that of his mother) was assumed at the special request of Louis the Thirteenth, and with the full consent of the young man's maternal relatives. A document in the Clarimbault Collection, National French Manuscript Library, says, in narrating the enrolment of the famous musketeer's son, among the pages of the *grand écurie* in 1676: "His patronymic is De Batz, and Castelmore is a territorial ad-

dition. It was the late King who wished that the father of this page, being the maternal nephew of Henri de Montesquiou d'Artagnan, should take the latter surname, because his Majesty was accustomed to hearing it, while the said Henri served him in the regiment of the Guards."

Charles de Batz-Castelmore, otherwise our friend D'Artagnan, came to Paris in 1640, and not in 1626 as in the novel. He was born either at the small *château* of Castelmore, in what is now the department of Gers, or at his maternal grandfather's home of Artagnan, near Vic-en-Bigorre. His father, Bertrand de Batz, Seigneur of Castelmore and of La Plaigne, sprang from a cadet-branch of the house of Batz, which had for centuries held a high position among the lesser nobles of Béarn and Gascony. The patriarch of the family, according to O'Gilvy, was Odon, Baron de Batz, who lived from 1456 to 1492. The head of the house in the days of Henry of Navarre was Manaud, Baron de Batz, a second cousin of D'Artagnan's father. This Manaud, in 1577, was one of the four brave Gascons who saved the life of the future Henri Quatre, at the taking of the town of Eausse in Albret. The King had been separated from his followers, and a number of the garrison attacked him, crying, "Shoot at Green Breeches!" Henry must have been killed, had not Manaud de Batz and three others cut their way through the press, formed a cordon around him, and defended him heroically until help came. Until his death Manaud de Batz remained the intimate

friend and correspondent of his royal master.

D'Artagnan's father descended from this gallant Baron's great-uncle, and also, owing to a marriage between cousins, from the aunt of Manaud, Madame de Lapeyrie. So that he came of a good fighting stock. The arms borne by the branch of Batz-Castelmore were: Quarterly, first and fourth, *or* an eagle displayed *sable*; second and third, *azure* a castle of two towers embattled *sable*. This was the coat of arms which the young D'Artagnan submitted, when a candidate for a cadetship in the Guards, and which was duly confirmed to him.

So much for the paternal ancestors of D'Artagnan, plain country gentlemen of respectable descent. On his mother's side, his connections were much grander. It was on February 27th, 1608, that the Seigneur Bertrand de Batz-Castelmore was married to Françoise de Montesquiou d'Artagnan. The lady's father was the noble Jean de Montesquiou, Seigneur of Artagnan, of Barbachin, of Ansost, of Masous, and of half-a-dozen other manors, all equally mountainous, and probably equally unproductive. But the blood of this Béarnais nobleman was blue as the sky over his native Pyrenees. He was chief of the junior branch of the great house of Montesquiou, directly descended from King Clovis the Great, through Sancho Mittara, Duke of Gascony, and a long line of princely and noble ancestors. The Duc de Fezensac is, I think, the present head of the family. The bride was given away by her distinguished brother, the Chevalier Henri de Montesquiou d'Artagnan, governor of Montaner, the same Henri for whom Louis the Thirteenth had experienced such a liking that he wished our D'Artagnan to take his uncle's name.

In spite of the nobility of the

family which dwelt beneath its roof, the *château* of Artagnan, wherein the mother and father of the musketeer were married, was a modest little house. You may visit it to-day, if you will, for the Comte de Montesquiou, a descendant of the family, owns and cherishes the old roof-tree. Artagnan is now a pretty village, near the Adour, and some ten or a dozen miles from Tarbes.

One can well imagine the young bride travelling through the hills of Béarn, to her new home at Castelmore, on a pillion behind her husband. Castelmore was even smaller than Artagnan, and M. de Batz was not rich. Indeed the honest musketeer tells us that his parents were poor, even for Béarnais gentlefolks. No doubt the poor Seigneur of Castelmore was tremendously patronised by his comparatively rich brother-in-law, the lord of Artagnan, of Barbachin, of Ansost, &c., &c. The house of the Batz family was but one story high, but it was well built and fortified. A much renovated edition stands in its place to-day. Near by is the tiny village of Lupiac, and over the hills to the north-east lies the ruin of Batz, once the stronghold of him who saved the life of Henry of Navarre.

To Bertrand de Batz-Castelmore and Françoise d'Artagnan were born six children, four sons and two daughters. Of the musketeer's sisters, Claude married Bertrand de Sivoerd, and was mother of that Lieutenant-General de Sivoerd de Batz, who commanded against the English at Martinique in 1674; while Jeanne, in 1652, became the wife of the Seigneur de Peyroux. D'Artagnan came all the way from Paris to sign the contract of this marriage; no doubt Jeanne was his favourite sister.

Of the sons, the eldest, Paul, succeeded his father as lord of the small domain of Castelmore. He too served

in the Musketeers, became a Chevalier of St. Louis, and died Governor of Navarreux in May, 1703, thirty years after his more famous brother, having attained the great age of ninety-four. Leaving no children, his estates passed to the sons of D'Artagnan. The second son was Jean de Batz, a distinguished soldier, who rose to be commander-in-chief of the French army in America, and a lieutenant-general. He also died childless. The third of the brothers was a simple country *cure*, Arnaud de Batz, who became rector of the parish of Lupiac in 1641, just a year after his youngest brother set out, on the famous nag, to seek his fortune. And then, youngest of all the children, came Charles de Batz-Castelmore.

D'Artagnan states that there was nothing in his boyhood worth talking about; but we need not take this too literally. To one whose manhood was so full of action, even the notable exploits of youth may appear petty and trivial. If he could, while not yet eighteen, take rank as one of the best swordsmen and sturdiest duellists in Paris, he must surely have seen some stern training in his native Béarn. His uncle, Henri d'Artagnan, was a renowned master of fence, and his father had seen some service in the wars. The country around abounded with game, large and small; wolf-hunts were frequent; fish swarmed in the rivers. It is probable, that, since all the Béarnais gentlemen smuggled, or lent aid to the smugglers, skirmishes of a serious nature were not uncommon with the frontier garrisons, and indeed many such encounters are on record. In the circumstances, it is hardly likely that D'Artagnan's early years were spent in the dull monotony he would have us believe.

Let us part now with D'Artagnan for a space, and turn to his three

friends, Porthos, Athos, and Aramis. Dumas probably thought that these were assumed names; and, under his pen, Porthos eventually becomes the Baron Du Vallon, Aramis the Abbé d'Herblay, and Athos the mysterious Comte de la Fère. As a matter of fact, these gentlemen were all Gascons, like D'Artagnan himself; and Porthos, as the musketeer expressly states, was his near neighbour in the valley of the Douze. Moreover their real names were Athos, Aramis, and Porthau, the difference in spelling being due, no doubt, to D'Artagnan's own mistake. One can understand that, when kings spelt badly, the average musketeers of their period were not skilled in orthography.

Porthos was D'Artagnan's first friend in Paris, as the Memoirs tell us. Now Dumas has done Porthos a cruel wrong. Brave and staunch he certainly is made in the novel; but he is made also a vainglorious, stupid braggart, a notorious glutton, the veritable clown of the brotherhood. Both the Memoirs, and all we know of the man's life, point the other way. In order to endow his Porthos with these unpleasant attributes, Dumas took from the autobiography certain passages descriptive of an entirely different person, a certain M. de Besmaux. Regarding this individual, whose works and pomps were so unfairly fathered upon the brave, simple-hearted Porthos, I shall speak briefly later; for the present I will deal with Porthos himself.

Jean de Porthau, musketeer of the first company, was the elder son of Isaac de Porthau, Seigneur of Camp-tort, Campagne, and Castetbon, secretary to the Parliament of Béarn, and at one time a secretary to Henri Quatre. The mother of Porthos was Clemence de Brosser, daughter of the Sieur de Polydavant. There were four children of this union: Jean, the

musketeer; Isaac, who entered the Guards in 1642; Jeanne, who married the Sieur de Domec; and Sara, lay abbess of Rivehaute, who married Abraham de Bachoné. The Porthaus were an ancient family of Béarn, taking their name from one of the old *porthaux* or *portes* (small frontier towers resembling the peel-towers of the British Border) with which the French and Spanish Pyrenees were studded. Porthos left the Musketeers about the time of his father's death, in 1654. He succeeded his parent in the dignified office of secretary to the Béarnais Parliament, and, having sold his chief manor of Campfort, settled down at Campagne, which is only a few miles from the home of D'Artagnan. One can imagine him talking over his adventures with the famous musketeer, and making D'Artagnan's brother the *curé* laugh, in spite of himself, over reminiscences of those merry days of his youth. The present Marquis de Nolivos is a direct descendant of Porthos.

The M. de Besmaux, from whose character, as portrayed in the Memoirs, Dumas took his imaginary Porthos, was also a Gascon, and served with D'Artagnan in the Guards. D'Artagnan did not like him, that is quite evident; and when the son of the House of Castelmoré did not like a man, he made no bones about saying so. He accuses Besmaux of conceit, foppery, boastfulness, and a score of other sins against good-breeding. The story of the gorgeous baldric, which was only gold-plated in front, and plain leather at the back, takes a different complexion in the Memoirs from that it bears in Dumas's version. Besmaux, under the pretence of having a cold, wears a cloak over his shoulders in every kind of weather, hoping to delude his comrades into the belief that the gold on the baldric goes all the way round. But the

cadets know that Besmaux is as poor as they are, and cannot afford golden baldrics. The wearing of the cloak confirms their suspicions, and they resolve to expose this daw with peacock's feathers. Besmaux is enticed to Fontainebleau for a walk, the cloak is torn off as if by accident, and the back of the baldric is rudely displayed, in all its nakedness, to a horde of laughing cadets. A duel is the natural outcome of this escapade.

Besmaux was really a serviceable soldier, and a person of birth and position. He afterwards became Governor of the Bastille, and is introduced, under his proper name, in that capacity by Dumas. He was made a marquis by Louis the Fourteenth.

As to Athos, his name occurs again and again in the Memoirs. Now D'Artagnan saves his life in an encounter on the Pré aux Clercs; and now Athos assists D'Artagnan in hoodwinking the husband of the latter's pretty landlady. Occasionally in the Memoirs Porthos, Athos, and Aramis are styled the three brothers. This is not to be taken literally. The three were nearly related,—Aramis and Athos were cousins german—but the expression *brothers* meant no more than the Musketeers' way of describing their extraordinarily close friendship. The full name of Athos was Armand de Sillègue d'Athos. He was the son of Adrian, Seigneur of Athos, Antivielle, and Cassaber, and was descended from one Tamonet de Sillègue, a merchant, who in 1557 purchased from the Crown the manors of Athos and Cassaber. Athos lies a league or so from the picturesque town of Orthez in the present department of Basses Pyrénées. The grandfather of Athos was Bertrand, Sieur d'Athos, &c., who died in 1613, having married Catherine de Muneins. This

alliance made Athos a cousin of M. de Tréville, or Troisvilles, the kindly Gascon captain who commanded the Musketeers, before D'Artagnan succeeded to that proud position. It was M. de Tréville who made the Musketeers the veritable nest of well-born Gascons that it was when D'Artagnan joined; and, if one glances over the muster-rolls of the famous corps under the latter's captaincy, one sees that, in this respect, he followed the traditions of his predecessor.

Athos, so far from being the Comte de la Fère, was not even living in the time of VINGT ANS APRÈS. He died at Paris in 1645, probably from wounds received in an encounter, since the cause of his decease is not given in the funeral certificate; and he was buried near the hall of the Pré aux Clercs, within a stone's cast of the spot where he, Porthos, and Aramis fought, with D'Artagnan, against Bernajoux and three of the Cardinal's Guard, in the young cadet's first Parisian duel. D'Artagnan was away campaigning when his friend died. A younger brother of Athos became Seigneur, and carried on the line, which survived in Béarn until the Revolution. The entire incident of Athos and Miladi was borrowed by Dumas from another book.

Aramis,—transformed by Dumas into the Abbé d'Herblay, and afterwards into a Prince of the Church, and Spanish Ambassador—was in truth an *abbé*. He belonged, however to that curious body, the hereditary lay *abbés*, so common in Béarn, and, as such, never took any orders. Many explanations of this rank of lay *abbé* have been offered by antiquaries, but perhaps the simplest is that they were descendants of Huguenot gentlemen to whom Henry of Navarre (in his Protestant days), and others of the Béarnais sovereigns, had granted manors formerly belonging

to the Catholic clergy. At any rate, the family of Aramis was of undoubted Huguenot leanings; and when they married, it was with the daughters of other lay *abbés*. In real life this most subtle of the Musketeers was Henri d'Aramits, lay *abbé* of Aramits on the river Vert, near the town of Oloron. He was closely related to Athos, and a first cousin of M. de Tréville. His grandfather, Captain Pierre d'Aramits, was a Huguenot gentleman, who acquired the lay abbacy of Aramits; and married the daughter of Louis de Tardets, lay *abbé* of Sauguis in 1568. Their eldest son, Phébus d'Aramits, was killed in the religious wars. The second son, Charles, lay *abbé* of Aramits, followed Henri Quatre to Paris, and became Maréchal de Logis to the Musketeers, afterwards commanded by his sister's son, M. de Tréville. This gentleman married the daughter of Jean de Rague, lay *abbé* of Laruns, and was father of Henri, D'Artagnan's friend.

Henri d'Aramits entered the Musketeers in May, 1640, not many weeks before D'Artagnan escaped from the *cachot* at St. Dié and arrived in Paris. He served seven years, resigning on his father's death in 1647-8. Becoming lay *abbé* in succession, he married on February 16th, 1650, Jeanne de Béarn-Bonasse, daughter of the lay *abbé* of Arette. This lady and her father were Huguenots of note. The Abbé d'Aramits made his will on April 23rd, 1654, and died a year later, leaving two sons, Clement and Amant, and a daughter who married Antoine de Lanie. There is more than a hint of Huguenotism in the fact that, very shortly after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Clement, lay *abbé* of Aramits, made over all his property to his brother, M. de Lanie, and left the country. He is said to

have returned to his mountain home many years later; and he died in Oloron in 1715.

Such is the history of Porthos, Athos, and Aramis, so far as careful research has been able to penetrate it. The facts are all taken from marriage-settlements, certificates of birth, wills, the rolls of the Musketeers, and other official records. Most of the information was collected by a few admirers of the great Gascon, chief among whom is M. de Jauregain.

To revert to D'Artagnan himself, before closing this paper. His life was marked by stormy vicissitudes, more stormy than even Dumas suggests. But almost every step he made was a step upwards.

Dumas's account of the events leading up to the appointment of D'Artagnan to a place in the King's Guards (with the exception of the novelist's substitution of De Rochefort for De Rosnay, and his version of the Gascon's first duel) substantially tallies with the Memoirs. D'Artagnan's first lodgings in Paris were over a tavern called the Gallant in Green (*Gallant Vert*) in the Rue des Fossoyeurs, the modern Rue Servandoni. While waiting in the antechamber of M. de Tréville, he introduced himself to Porthos, whose relatives he had known in Béarn; and because the musketeer ventured to receive him somewhat flippantly, D'Artagnan at once challenged his first friend in Paris to fight. Porthos, however, had a more important affair on his hands, an encounter between himself and his cousins Athos and Aramis on the one side, against three of the Cardinal's Guard on the other. Not wishing to see a brother-Gascon deprived of a fight, however, he obligingly offered to let D'Artagnan draw sword with their party, provided that the other side could also find an extra combatant. The offer was enthu-

siastically accepted: the Cardinal's Guard managed to press the Captain Bernajoux into their service; and, after Athos and Aramis had objected strenuously to D'Artagnan on account of his extreme youth, the encounter took place in the Pré-aux-Cleres. D'Artagnan soon put Bernajoux *hors-de-combat*, and rushed to the aid of Athos, who was hotly pressed. This turned the tide of battle, and the Cardinal's men were ignominiously defeated.

From this point onward, until the young Gascon's presentation to the King, Dumas closely follows the narrative of the Memoirs, frequently using the very words of the original. D'Artagnan's first campaign with the Guards was that resulting in the surrender of Arras by the Spaniards. It was practically uneventful; but, on the cadet's return to Paris, he found serious work before him. De Rosnay (Dumas's De Rochefort), the man who had caused him to be set upon, beaten, and thrown into prison, had ventured to visit the capital. D'Artagnan at once went to seek him at his apartments in the Rue de Vieux Colombier; but De Rosnay had been warned of the visit, and had fled. Instead of following, D'Artagnan began a violent flirtation with the fugitive's pretty landlady, which ended in the instalment of the good-looking guardsman, at a mere nominal rent, in the rooms vacated by De Rosnay. The latter then hired some bravoes to assassinate his enemy, but the plot was betrayed, and De Rosnay had to fly for his life to England. In adventures such as these, mingled with frequent duels, and with visits to the play in company with his friend Porthos, did D'Artagnan pass the time between his campaigns.

It may be mentioned that the Rue de Vieux Colombier, his second place

of abode in Paris, now passes as the Rue Jacob. In the days of young D'Artagnan and his pretty landlady, it extended from the Rue de Seine to the Jardin de la Reine Marguerite. The Rue de Bac, to which he moved later on, is the present Rue Dupin.

In 1641 D'Artagnan served at the sieges of Dire, Bapaume, and La Bassee, in 1642 at those of Collioure and Perpignan. In 1643 he went to England, in the suite of the Comte d'Harcourt, and fought as a volunteer for King Charles. On his return to France, Aramis and he had a ferocious duel with an Englishman named Cox and the latter's second, in which the Gascons were, as usual, victorious. In the following year he smelt powder again at Bayette, La Chapelle, St. Falquin, and at the taking of Gravelines. At the close of the campaign Mazarin gave him that long-coveted distinction, the Musketeer's *casaque*. He was allowed to retain his rank in the Guards at the same time.

During the next four years his life was one whirl of excitement. He fought with the Guards and Musketeers in campaign after campaign; and he was sent by Mazarin on a number of missions in which courage, brain, and discretion were required. Mazarin was not a liberal master, and D'Artagnan's rewards came slowly. In 1649 he was made lieutenant of the Guards; and, on February 14th, 1650 (at the age of twenty-six), he became captain of the same regiment, in succession to his old friend and commander, Des Essarts. The salary accompanying this position amounted to forty thousand crowns.

In 1654 Mazarin sent D'Artagnan on a secret mission to Cromwell; but a mistake made by the young Captain on his return brought him to the Bastille, where he remained five weary weeks. Three more years of battling abroad and love-making and duelling

at home, were followed by his nomination, on May 26th, 1658, to the vacant lieutenancy of Musketeers.

Tréville was now dead, and a nephew of Marazain, the incompetent Mancini, Duc de Nevers, commanded the famous corps. The organisation and government of the Musketeers fell almost altogether upon this man of thirty-four years, who was acting as captain of the Guards at the same time that he filled the lieutenancy of the other regiment.

In 1659 D'Artagnan married. He had reached an age when the sowing of wild oats became distasteful; moreover his distinguished military position rendered it desirable that he should settle down, or, as he himself puts it, "dispose of himself to matrimonial advantage." Many ladies of the Court were more than well-inclined towards the dashing Gascon; but the fortunate dame was a young widow of great wealth and beauty, Charlotte Anne de Chanlecy, Baronne de St. Croix. Madame de Chanlecy was the relict of the Chevalier Jean de Damas, and inherited in her own right the barony of St. Croix in the district of Chalon-sur-Saône. Her marriage-portion included the estates of St. Croix and Chanlecy, together with eighty thousand livres in the funds, and a life interest in the manors of Clessy and Tesmont left by her former husband. The wedding, which was a splendid affair, took place in the chapel of the Louvre on March 5th, 1659. The King and Queen-Mother, together with Mazarin and the entire Court, were present. As D'Artagnan stepped forward to take the bride's hand, the young King rose and placed the cross of St. Louis on the Musketeer's breast. D'Artagnan was attended by the Maréchal-Duc de Grammont, and by no less a personage than Messire Francois de Besmaux, Governor of the Bastille. The reader

will recall the jest of the golden baldric, and the early contempt in which D'Artagnan held poor Besmaux. Besmaux must have been a kindly and forgiving soul, to act as D'Artagnan's best man in the circumstances.

I should like to be able to say that the marriage was a happy one. Unfortunately the Baroness de Croix seems to have been a morbid type of woman, but little fitted to be the wife of the gallant Musketeer. In the Memoirs D'Artagnan is made to be very frank about the matter: "I married like the rest, because it seemed to me that if 'twere a folly, (and indeed I look upon marriage as egregious folly), one could not commit this folly very often. I wedded an exceedingly jealous wife, who plagued me to such an extent, that I could not stir out of doors, without a legion of her spies at my heels." Probably the fair Baroness was not entirely to blame for her jealousy. It must have been very hard for a man, whose early life had been spent as was D'Artagnan's, to settle down to the respectable sobriety of married life. A particular grievance of Madame was that her husband took no interest in the management of any of her estates, with one single exception, the great vineyard at Chalon. D'Artagnan believed that he could produce here as good a wine as was made on the neighbouring slopes of Beaune; and with this ostensible end in view, he made frequent visits to the vineyard. It was a pleasant retreat, in the very heart of Burgundy, about sixty-five leagues from noisy Paris. But the jealousy of the Baroness was aroused by these journeys with the result that D'Artagnan was forced, in the interest of peace, to abandon them. A favourite method of retaliation, employed by the lady when her husband displeased her, was to retire to a con-

vent. She was actually in a religious establishment when D'Artagnan died.

In 1660 the King sent D'Artagnan to England, to congratulate Charles the Second upon his restoration. In 1661 it fell to his lot to arrest Fouquet and convey him to the Bastille, by way of Angers. In the same year he resigned his captaincy of the Guards, as the King had informed him that he was to be the successor of Nevers in command of the Musketeers. On January 8th, 1665, he was made Brevet-Captain in the absence of the Duke, and the King addressed to him a most complimentary letter, in which he ascribed the remarkable order and efficiency of the regiment to D'Artagnan alone. But it was not until January 15th, 1667, that the coveted prize fell to him, and he was appointed Captain of his beloved corps; and at the same time he was created Comte d'Artagnan and Baron de Batz-Castelmoré. During the ensuing spring he was further honoured by the rank of Brigadier-General, retaining of course the proud official designation of Captain of the First Company of the King's Musketeers, popularly known as the Mousquetaires Gris, from the colour of their horses.¹

¹ There were two companies of Musketeers. The first company, to which D'Artagnan and his friends belonged, was formed by Louis the Thirteenth in 1622. It was recruited almost wholly from the old company of Guards (*Gardes du Corps de Roi*, or King's Body-Guard), known as the *Carabins*, the change having been made on the introduction of muskets, and the King himself was the Honorary Captain. At first no special uniform was worn, save the *casaque*, or cloak, which was blue with a silver cross surrounded by rays of gold. But in 1657 the first company was ordered to wear gold lace and to be mounted on gray horses, whence they were popularly known as *Les Mousquetaires Gris*, while the second company, *Les Mousquetaires Noirs*, was distinguished by black horses and silver lace. After 1673 both companies were dressed alike in a uniform of scarlet with blue facings and silver lace. The Musketeers

While in command of the Musketeers, I find that D'Artagnan had for his lieutenant, M. de la Riviere, for his ensign, the Sieur de Jauvelle, and for his cornet, the Marquis de Maupertuis, who afterwards rose to the Captaincy himself. Many soldiers, afterwards renowned, received the first lessons in arms under him, as he had received his under Tréville.

By his marriage with the Baronne de St. Croix (who survived her husband eleven years) D'Artagnan had two sons. The elder, Louis de Batz-Castelmores, Comte D'Artagnan, was baptised in 1674, on March 3rd, being then about fourteen years of age. Louis was his godfather, an honour indeed in those days, and probably intended to show the King's respect for the memory of the boy's father. He inherited a good fortune from his mother, and his father's titles and pension. After serving as a page, he entered the Gardes Françaises; but, on the death of his father's elder brother, he settled down in the old *château* of Castelmores, having already risen to the rank of lieutenant of the regiment and displayed notable promise. His abandonment of a military career was caused by an unfortunate love-affair; he died at Castelmores, unmarried, on April 5th, 1709.

The second child, another Louis, to whom the Dauphin stood sponsor by proxy, was baptised by no less a personage than Bossuet, on April 5th, 1674, at the age of eleven. This son inherited his mother's barony of St. Croix, and all her landed estates.

were disbanded in 1776, reorganised in 1789, licensed by the Republic in 1797, and finally disbanded in 1815.

The Guards, in which D'Artagnan first served, the parent corps from which the more brilliant Musketeers had sprung, were originally raised by Louis the Eleventh; the Cardinal's Guards were raised by Richelieu, and disbanded after his death.

After his elder brother's death, he became Comte D'Artagnan, and was made a Chevalier de Saint Louis. He married Marie Anne, daughter of Jean Baptiste Amé, Conseiller du Roi at Rheims, and appears to have lived, for the most part, on his country estates. He died in 1717 aged fifty-four. Of his two sons, the elder Louis-Gabriel de Batz is described, in his certificate of death, as Marquis de Castelmores, Comte D'Artagnan, Baron de St. Croix, de Batz and de Lupiac, Seigneur de Chanlecy, de Castelmores, de Meymies, d'Espas, and d'Averon, Chevalier de St. Louis; a goodly string of titles, at which the honest Musketeer would have smiled, had he been alive. But this grandson left little beyond his titles to make him remembered, and died, without issue, in 1783, at the age of seventy-three. Of his younger brother, Louis Jean Baptiste, styled Baron d'Armanthieu, little is known, save that he married Quitterie de Chambré, and left a son, Bertrand de Batz, Seigneur d'Armanthieu. The son of this Bertrand, by his wife Marie de la Boge, was Jean de Batz, who succeeded, at the death of his great-uncle, the old Marquis de Castelmores, to what that spendthrift nobleman had left of the family estates.

Jean de Batz was the first of D'Artagnan's descendants to show himself worthy of his ancestry; and, indeed he was a man after the great Musketeer's own heart. Being comparatively poor, thanks to the wanton extravagance of his great-uncle, he cast aside all the loftier titles of that personage (most of them resting upon very slight foundation), and called himself simply Baron de Batz et St. Croix. The King made him Grand Seneschal of the Duchy of Albret, and he was sent as a deputy to the States General in 1789. He it was who daringly attempted to release the

King in 1792, and only failed because of the cowardly desertion of his associates. After the restoration he received the cross of St. Louis, and was made Marechal-de-Camp. His adventures, while wandering in disguise through France and Navarre during the period of the Revolution, were worthy of D'Artagnan himself. His later days were spent in authorship, and he died on January 10th, 1822.

I have purposely kept the death of D'Artagnan to the last, as I think an account of that event belongs appropriately to the close of my paper. VINGT ANS APRÈS is a glorious romance, and the D'Artagnan that one finds there is indeed a striking figure; but the true story of the Musketeer growing old is, perhaps, a finer, certainly a more tender one. All through the later years described in the Memoirs one is made to feel the regrets of the grizzled soldier for the happy, careless past. He would have us think that he remained the same light-hearted soldier to the end; but, in spite of all his efforts, there lurks the suggestion of a sigh within each printed page. Athos was dead long ago; the little Abbé Aramis had gone to his account; Porthos alone survived, but Porthos dwelt afar from busy Paris, among the slopes of the Pyrenees. Once a year there passed letters between them, no doubt; and the news of the great world, going down, met the gossip of the Douze valley on its way up to Paris. Or may be into the anteroom at the Hotel St. Croix came stalking a brace of raw-boned Béarnais cadets, who, being questioned, roundly replied: "*Mordieu!* Our cousin De Porthau sends us to see service with his brother, the Captain. Tell M. D'Artagnan that we've come, as Tréville and he did, to fight for our fortunes." But in the flesh Porthos and D'Artagnan met never more.

The grim Gascon stood alone. His wife, gay like all the Chanlecys, loved the soft mirth of courts: his sons were not the sons he had wished for; and thus it came about that, between his campaigns, he dictated his memoirs to the patient Courtitz de Sandras, or scrawled them himself on the back of one of Anne Charlotte's loving letters to her absent lord. These recollections gave him some relief; for, as he told them, time ran back for him; he fought his old battles over again, loved again the old loves, and in fancy grasped once more the honest hands of Athos, of Porthos, and of Aramis.

D'Artagnan died as he had often wished to die, on the field of battle. He was killed by a ball in the throat while charging at the head of his Musketeers, at the assault on the second *demi-lune*, outside the gates of Maestricht, on June 25th, 1673. The King saw him fall; and a well-authenticated tradition exists to the effect that Louis had just despatched a *maréchal's* baton to his captain when D'Artagnan fell from his grey charger into the arms of M. de Maupertuis, and was carried off the field by his men under a heavy fire.

There exists a verse, quoted by M. d'Auriac, and said to have been written by Louis the Great himself, to commemorate the passing of this cherished paladin, which may be thus roughly rendered into English:

The royal heart by grief sincere
Is touched, this direful news to hear,
And sorrow reigns the Army through;
Scarce can they bear their hero's death,
They cry, as in a single breath,
With D'Artagnan dies Glory too!

And with this tribute to the love and admiration in which he was held by King and comrades, I will leave, for the present, the real D'Artagnan.

GERALD BRENAN

THE WEDDING OF A RAJPUT PRINCE.

THE sleepy little Himalayan town of Chamba was, for the nonce, very much awake. Its steep streets and open shop-fronts were a-buzz with one all-absorbing topic,—the approaching marriage of its sixteen-year-old Maharajah. The boy being still a minor, the affairs of his small State were administered, nominally, by a British Resident, actually by those two invincible gods of the East—"dustur (custom)," and the Holy Brahmin. The Maharajah was of the bluest Rajput blood, a Hindu of the Hindus, a *Surj-bunsi*, or lineal descendant from the Sun. It followed therefore, that superstition and priest-craft were as the breath of his nostrils, and that the will of the Brahmin was law throughout the State; an iron will, against which force, persuasion, argument, dash themselves in vain.

Now therefore was the voice of the Court-Astrologer uplifted in solemn commands that none dare disobey; for was he not the mouth-piece of the stars?

The present month being that of October, it was decreed that the Maharajah should marry in the following March or April, these being auspicious months; and since the stars had spoken, it was obviously useless for so unenlightened a being as a British Resident to offer any opinion on the matter. Wherefore he very wisely held his peace and let the stars have their way. The first marriage of a Rajput Prince (he is permitted, be it remembered, to repeat the ceremony not oftener than once a year) is perhaps the most solemn and important event of his life; yet he is allowed no

voice in the elaborate arrangements such an event involves, least of all in the choice of his senior Ranees that is to be. The whole affair is, in fact purely a matter of business between State and State; a question of the best bargain and the largest dower, provided only that the lady be the Prince's equal in birth and blood. The Rajput chiefs are thus placed in a somewhat delicate position with regard to their wives; the more so since no one connected with the bridegroom is allowed to see the girl, whose charms must therefore be accepted on hearsay evidence only. The husband himself may not set eyes on his bride till the wedding-rites are three parts over; and should she then prove uncomely in his eyes the loss will be hers,—for her supremacy will be of short duration.

In the present instance the Maharajah had been betrothed, three years previously, to the grand-daughter of the Ruler of Cashmere; and an agreement had then been entered into that she should be the first wife, and thus have permanent precedence in the palace household. This was a necessary stipulation; but it so chanced that the favoured bride was of the tender age of eight years, and was therefore scarcely fitted, as yet, to assume the responsibilities of wifehood. This difficulty was duly put forward by the Resident, when a council was called to discuss the delicate question; but a bearded senator, full of years and authority, waved it aside with a dignified sweep of his hand.

"The Sahib surely forgets," quoth

he, in a tone of mild reproof, "that the Rajput does not marry once only. Let but the present marriage take place in *Phagun* [the last month but one of the year] and the Maharajah can then take to wife a lady of riper age in *Bisakh* [the first month of the new year] the younger bride abiding with her parents till they shall see fit to send her to us. Are not my words the words of wisdom, oh my brothers?"

The answer to this appeal was one of unanimous assent, and the resolution was carried without further debate.

Preparations for the coming event now began in serious earnest. The modest resources of the State treasury were taxed to their utmost to meet the demands of the occasion; for the castle of the first bride's father lay in one of the valleys on the outer slopes of the Himalayas, some six marches (seventy-five miles) from the town of Chamba: and it was estimated that upwards of two thousand people would probably accompany the procession.

The Hindu year begins on the 12th of April, and early in January a council was held to fix both the date of the actual ceremony, and also that of the Prince's journey,—a matter so all-important to the truly pious Hindu, that astrologers were sent over by the bride's family to be present at the deliberations. The Resident suggested March 12th as a fitting day for the wedding, rather with a view to setting the debate in train, than with any hope that his suggestion would be accepted; for he was a man well versed in the ways of the inscrutable East. Scarcely had he spoken, when a wrinkled grey-beard up-rose and, solemnly stroking his close-clipped chin, gave voice to the wisdom of the heavens.

"Listen, oh my brothers, and take heed. A man may fall into the fire

and escape burning; he may be bitten of the cobra, and escape death; he may fling himself from the housetop, and rise up unhurt; but if so be that he marry on the twelfth day of March, he hath not a year of life to live. This is truth. The stars have spoken!"

A murmur of approval greeted this new revelation; and in this matter, as in most others, the stars remained the masters of the situation. The 13th of March was the day eventually chosen; and in the meanwhile preparations for the great journey were vigorously set on foot.

For full four days before his departure the Maharajah was so grievously girded about with restrictions, and ceremonies, and much praying that he dared scarcely call his soul his own. He was forbidden to approach either the river, the bridge, or the steep hillsides of the little town. He was but rarely permitted even to look out of the window, lest some evil should befall him. On one occasion he was constrained to sit for four hours with the soles of his feet upraised, while they, and the palms of his hands, were stained with henna. On the last day of all he was arrayed in an ancient and very unclean suit of clothes, and was sent thus into the women's apartments, whence he shortly emerged, bare-headed and clad in spotless raiment, only to fall anew into the tyrannous hands of custom. He was now placed upon a low chair, while his friends and relations, each in turn, anointed his head with feathers dipped in sweet oil. On that same evening the great courtyard of the temple without the palace was thronged with the Maharajah's loyal subjects. The square enclosure was blocked with a bewildering mass of light, colour, and sound,—restless yellow torches, flashes of brilliant raiment, of gold and tinsel and jewels

—and through all, and over all, the long wailing shriek of conches, and the ceaseless throbbing of innumerable tom-toms. The guests, who numbered a thousand, were regaled with unlimited boiled rice, stewed goat's flesh, and spices; and they dispersed at a late hour, full-fed and frolicsome, blessing their Raj.

At ten o'clock next morning the procession set out in state from the little town, a winding, many-tinted file of men and horses, with the bridegroom's scarlet-domed litter blazing like a ripe pomegranate in their midst. Under the scarlet dome the Prince sat, cross-legged, clad in a long high-waisted robe of crimson and gold, surmounted by a jewelled turban. From turban to waist fell his wondrous veil, wrought in alternating lines of tinsel and fine seed-pearls. Twenty led horses, richly caparisoned, went before him; and these again were preceded by a hundred of the State troops, in gorgeous uniforms. The state band, and the royal pipers (in full Gaelic garb, with pink-stockingd knees, and plaid hose scantily filled out by the Hindu highlander's slim calf) marshalled the surging crowd onward with a mighty blare of cheerfully discordant sound.

On the hither side of the bridge below the little town the procession came to an abrupt halt, for here a goat must needs be sacrificed, to ensure the King's safe transit across the water. But before the doomed animal is beheaded, it must be induced, by some manner of means, to tremble or shake itself, else will the sacrifice be of no avail. In order to produce the desired result it is usual for the officiating priest to pour a little water into its right ear; but upon this occasion the goat received the gentle hint with such stoical calm, that the holy man, in desperation at

the untoward delay, emptied an entire vessel of water over the obdurate victim's head. The result was as vigorous a shaking as heart of Rajput could desire, and a cry went up as from one mighty throat: "The sacrifice is accepted—is accepted! Strike!" A single sabre-sweep laid the goat's head in the dust; and the Brahmin, triumphant at last, flung it far into the river, while the body, leaving a crimson trail in its wake, was dragged across the suspension bridge immediately in front of the Rajah's litter.

Two more marches brought the wedding-cohort again to a river's bank, on the further shore whereof lay the territory of the bride's father. Here was no bridge; and the crossing was accomplished in relays, on a flat-bottomed barge, and on string-beds supported by inflated buffalo-skins. From the moment of entering the Bassoli State the Rajah and his suite were the guests of its Ruler and his subjects; and the burden of keeping this small army supplied with the necessities of life fell somewhat heavily upon those peasants and landholders whose homes lay along the line of march. On the morning of the sixth day the procession reached its final halting-place, a wide, green plain overlooked by the ancient castle of Ramkot, within whose walls the bride awaited the coming of her unknown lord. The great plain was as thickly sprinkled with white tents as is an English meadow with daisies in May; for here the Rajah and his two thousand followers were to encamp during the coming festivities. At the entrance to the main street of this veritable City of Tents were ranged line upon line of round flat baskets, a hundred and twenty in all, covered with squares of wondrous, rainbow-tinted silk, which, being up-lifted, revealed a quaint medley of things eatable,—vegetables, sweet-

meats, rice (white and saffron-tinted), roast fowl and pigeon, bread-cakes,—in short, a small presentation breakfast to the bridegroom on his arrival.

Throughout all that day he was kept a close prisoner in his tent, while those without made all necessary arrangements for the great event of the morrow; and not without many words, and much wrangling betwixt the priests of both parties, was an auspicious hour fixed for the Rajah's entry into the castle of his bride. From the earliest glimmer of dawn onwards the steep, narrow streets of the little town were aflame with colour, and murmurous with ceaseless sound. Every house-front was swept, and plastered with fresh mud, every doorway and quaintly-carved balcony garlanded with marigold-heads and jasmin-buds every available roof and window thronged with eager brown faces, peering from beneath turbans of every conceivable tint and shade. The procession below vied even with the house-tops in brilliance and variety of hue; for here the sunbeams flashed light from gold and silver trappings, from tinsel and jewels and instruments of brass. Behind twenty caparisoned horses, two bands, and a company of infantry, the Resident, enthroned upon a state elephant, whose trappings of scarlet and gold were surmounted by a howdah of solid silver, towered majestic, the only white man amid all that vast throng. In the wake of the great elephant swung the scarlet-domed litter of the bridegroom; and before it went twelve nautch-girls in brilliant tinselled raiment, moving rhythmically forward to the tinkle of bells and bangles, and the musical clash of heavy silver anklets. A medley of the Rajah's friends and relations, mounted upon steeds of every conceivable breed, shape, and colour, brought up the rear; and on

all sides were handfuls of silver and copper coins showered into the streets and on to the house-tops, where yelling, jostling crowds scrambled for them at the imminent risk of their lives.

Within the courtyard of the castle the bride's parents, relatives, and their retainers were gathered together to await the coming of the King. These presented a strange contrast to the mass of moving colour without, being clad altogether in white, the mourning colour of the Rajputs, for a daughter of the Blood, once married, is as irrevocably cut off from her home and people as though she were dead indeed. Custom decrees that neither father, mother, nor any near relative shall ever set foot in the bride's new home, and it is given only to five or six favoured girl-companions to go forth with her into the unknown country and the unknown life. Hitherto she has been the chattel of her father; henceforth she will be the chattel of her husband, and, unless she bear her lord a son, a chattel despised and dishonoured unto the day of her death. Such is the meaning of marriage for her,—a lottery in very deed!

But the bridegroom is now at the castle-gate. He enters with the Resident and a small following, the bulk of the eager, curious crowd being left without. Formal greetings having passed between the Englishman and his majestic host, the young Prince is conveyed, with all due ceremony, into the women's apartments, not to be presented to his bride, but to endure further tyranny at the hands of Custom. The Resident and his attendants were left to await his return in a stately hall, whose sole articles of furniture were mirrors, rugs, and chandeliers, and whose walls bristled fiercely with antlers of the ibex and the *bara singh*, the

magnificent twelve-horned stag of Kashmir.

The ceremonies within the castle lasted for two hours and a half; and on the same evening the invading army of guests was bidden to a great feast, that was laid out upon the grass along the wide main street of the royal camp. The total absence of china, glass, or plate, greatly simplified the serving of so stupendous a meal. Boiled rice and stewed meat were ladled from out huge cauldrons on to plates extemporised from the round, flat leaves of the elephant-creepers; and were disposed of simply and speedily after Nature's method. The second course was of rice also, saffron-tinted, and served with spices and lumps of thick molasses. When all had eaten and were filled, a fine display of fireworks, to the accompaniment of much dancing, singing, and shouting, brought the entertainment to a fitting close a few hours before sunrise, so indefatigably hilarious is the Oriental when once his accustomed gravity deserts him.

On the following day the wedding ceremonies were at length brought to a close; and not until then did the bridegroom behold his bride. The manner of their meeting was curious and characteristic. In two flat baskets placed near together were he and his little wife solemnly set down, and over each was flung a great white sheet. At a sign

from the priests the sheets were uplifted, and the King looked upon his Queen. She, herself, not being permitted to look into his face direct, beheld its reflection in a small round mirror, given her for the purpose. Whatsoever each may have thought or felt in that sudden moment of revelation remained hid, for the present, in either heart. Finally, this strange union was completed by a solemn promenade four times round a brazier of live coals, and by the cutting of a knot which, upon the first day, had been tied upon the right wrists both of the bridegroom and his bride.

The banquet of the previous evening was repeated that night; and on the next morning the newly-wedded husband set out on the homeward march, leaving his future Queen behind him.

Scarce two months later, with something less of ceremony and display, he took unto himself a second wife of the ripe age of fifteen years; and her he brought with him, that she might reign supreme in his palace until such time as the true Ranee should come forth from among the hills, and so bring to an end her brief hour of honour and glory. But with the simple wisdom of her kind she accepted thankfully her present good; only in secret did she beseech the gods that unto her might be vouchsafed the lasting triumph of giving to the Maharajah his first-born son.

THE TAKING OF GIBRALTAR.

IN this month of July one hundred and ninety-five years ago, our own merits, fortune, and the incurable governing incapacity of that strange people the Spaniards, combined to throw into our hands the finest and the best-placed fortress in all the world. It was on July 24th, 1704, that Don Diego de Salinas surrendered Gibraltar to Sir George Rooke. I am not unaware that a minute criticism might object to the use of the possessive pronoun *our*, and might add that Sir George was very much the president of a council of war in which the Dutch formed a large minority, and the German Prince of Hesse Darmstadt had a voice. Strictly speaking it was to the High Allies that Don Diego yielded up the keys; yet after all the victory was fairly ours, and not only because we alone reaped the permanent benefit. Without the British fleet the Allies could never have gained their overwhelming superiority at sea over the House of Bourbon. Then if the energy of the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, and the stout qualities of the Dutch helped materially to gain the Rock, its retention was due to our countryman, Sir John Leake, and his ships. Without their support it would have gone speedily back to the hands of King Philip the Fifth. Withal too we have another, and perhaps even a better, right to claim the victory for ourselves. The taking of Gibraltar was no fortuitous thing. It was the desired result of an intelligent policy, and of the growth of a power; and both policy and growth were ours. Forty-eight years earlier,

in 1656, Oliver Cromwell, writing to Generals Blake and Montague at sea, had put this question to them: "Whether any other place (than Cadiz to wit) be attemptable; especially that of the Town and Castle of Gibraltar,—which, if possessed, and made tenable by us, would it not be both an advantage to our trade and an annoyance to the Spaniard; and enable us, without keeping so great a fleet on that coast, with six nimble frigates lodged there to do the Spaniard more harm than by a fleet, and ease our own charges?"

This desire for a fortress of our own abroad was not confined to Cromwell. The government of King Charles the Second was moved by it to secure Tangier as part of the dower of Catharine of Braganza. But the African port proved unsatisfactory for various reasons, and was finally evacuated. Even while we held it, the squadrons sent to cruise against the Barbary pirates found it more to their convenience to use the Spanish ports of Mahon and Cadiz. During the wars of King William the second of these places had been the headquarters of our fleets in the Straits and the Mediterranean. Russell had wintered there in 1694-95. Even during the years of peace we kept a small establishment at Cadiz, by courtesy of the Spaniards. One of the first duties of the Admiralty, when the war of the Spanish Succession began, had been to send a naval officer to bring away our stores, and to tow out and sink the heaving down hulks which we kept there for the purpose of cleaning our ships.

This was a lesson to Queen Anne's Ministers. The hostility of Spain had thrown us back on the alliance of Portugal for a safe anchorage and store-house. It required no great intelligence to see how much we had to gain by securing a port of our own. Therefore, though Sir George Rooke was not sent abroad with orders to take Gibraltar, it was certain that the capture would be welcome. In 1704 it would also be timely. To take the Rock was one thing, to hold it another. In 1656 it may be that, though the generals at sea could have taken the Rock, the naval power of England had not yet grown to the point at which the permanent retention of the place was possible. But at the later date there could be no question that when once we were in possession of a town easily defensible on the land side, the navy could answer for preventing all blockade by a hostile fleet. The opportunity presented itself precisely at the right time. As the capture was made, perhaps unconsciously, but none the less very really in pursuit of a settled policy, as it could not have been effected without our help, or made good without our power, the victory belongs to us, even though a German general and Dutch seamen helped in the work. It does not detract in any way from our honour that Sir George Rooke was not sent out to take Gibraltar, but that he captured it, as it were, incidentally and while engaged in doing something else. At best this is only one more proof that the stars in their courses have fought for England, and, as Bacon has said, it is a glory to be the care of the gods.

The campaign which brought us this great reward was in itself by far the most interesting in the naval wars of Queen Anne. King Louis was too seriously overtaxed on land after a

time to have the means to fit out great fleets. But in the early months of 1704 Blenheim had not yet been fought, and though the power of the Grand Monarch was at a stay, it was not yet manifestly in declination. So in that year he did make an effort to hold the sea. The fleet of the Allies did not sail in irresistible strength to act as subsidiary to land operations. Powerful forces were on the water on both sides, and their movements had the vast sweep and the surprises of naval warfare.

The starting point was at the close of 1703, when the Archduke Charles, the Hapsburg claimant to the Spanish throne, was brought over to this country from Holland by Rooke. It was the purpose of the Government to send him south with such a force as would enable him to vindicate his rights. After delays caused by the great storm (Addison's storm and Defoe's) he sailed to England, where court ceremonies caused more delay, and finally departed for Lisbon on January 6th, 1704. Bad weather drove the fleet back to Spithead, and it was not till February 12th that Rooke finally got away. The English Admiral had with him ten sail of the line, five English and five Dutch, which were accompanied by transports and a swarm of merchant-ships sent with the fleet for protection against the French privateers. He did not reach Lisbon till February 25th. On March 2nd, reinforcements reached him from England under the command of Sir John Leake, and on the 9th he went to sea, in order to cruise for the outgoing Spanish trading-fleet bound for the West Indies. This prize was not sighted, but some other ships were taken, and he returned with them to Lisbon. Here orders reached him to proceed up the Mediterranean for the purpose of forwarding the Hapsburg

cause, and aiding the coast towns of our ally, the Duke of Savoy, then supposed, incorrectly, to be in danger of French attack. Rooke left Lisbon with thirty-seven sail, twenty-three English and fourteen Dutch, but with no troops, which was a considerable oversight on the part of the Government, since one purpose he was expected to fulfil was to help the Barcelonese, whose sympathies were Hapsburg, to rise against the Castilian garrison holding the town for the Bourbon King. On April 29th he was off Cape St. Vincent, from whence he passed the Straits, and on May 8th he was off Cape Palos, north-east of the Spanish port of Carthage. Here a small squadron of French ships was seen, and chased by a detachment of our vessels under the command of Captain Andrew Leake, the namesake, but not the kinsman, of Sir John. The French, who had the heels of us, got away, and bitter complaints were made that there had been a miscarriage due to Andrew Leake's want of spirit. He was tried by court-martial and acquitted, perhaps rightly, and perhaps also not. The naval courts of that time were apt to be tender to the "miscarriages" of distinguished brother officers. On the 10th the detached squadron rejoined the Admiral, and on the 19th the fleet was off Barcelona. The Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, who was with Rooke, had been governor of the town for the last Hapsburg king, and he believed that if he landed with a body of marines his influence would bring about a rising within the walls. His confidence was put to the test, and proved to be unfounded. King Philip's governor, Don Francisco de Velasco, was a resolute man with a well-established character for ferocity. He put the leading Hapsburg partisans in the town under lock and key,

and kept his troops under arms. Nobody stirred, or would stir, without the support of a solid corps of troops. Rooke had none to lend, and could delay no longer on his mission to relieve the towns of the Duke of Savoy. The few English and Dutch marines who had been landed with the Prince on the 19th, were re-embarked next day, and the fleet steered for the Riviera. It was much scattered by one of the gales of the Gulf of Lyons, but was soon rallied. Then Rooke and his Dutch colleagues received a piece of news which put a new face on affairs. A frigate despatched by Paul Methuen, our Minister in Portugal, came in with the information that a French fleet had been seen passing the Rock of Lisbon to the south. A council of war was held in which it was decided to give battle, if the enemy were seen and the opportunity favourable.

This French fleet had left Brest on May 6th (N.S.) under the command of the Count of Toulouse (the son of the French King and Mme. de Montespan), a young man of twenty-six years of age. It was by no means so strong as the Allies, being but of twenty-three sail. Another force was preparing at Toulon, and the object of the Count's cruise was to unite the two, and use them partly for the support of the Bourbon cause in Spain, partly in order to put a stop to all Dutch and English intrigue with the insurgent Huguenots of the Cevennes. The English Government was aware of these preparations, and in April a strong fleet was collected in the Channel under Shovell. He had orders to retire up Channel, bringing with him the store-ships laden for the squadron at Lisbon if the enemy came on in overpowering force. If, however, he heard that Toulouse had gone south, he was to follow him with not more than twenty-two sail, taking

care to leave a sufficient force to act as a trade-guard in the Channel. Shovell obtained information that the French had sailed for the Mediterranean, and he therefore detached Sir Stafford Fairborn with eight ships to Kinsale for the protection of commerce, and followed the enemy to Lisbon on May 28th. In later times Shovell would have been close outside Brest before Toulouse could sail, but generations were to pass before we kept the bold and vigilant watch of St. Vincent.

The French had a long start, and had in fact been sighted by Rooke before Shovell headed for Lisbon. In the latter days of May the position was this. On the 25th Rooke was joined by the frigate with the news that a French fleet had passed the Rock of Lisbon steering to the south. She had gone through the enemy at sea, and knew that they had entered the Mediterranean. Rooke also learnt from other sources that the towns of the Duke of Savoy were in no danger. A council of war was held, and it was decided to return to the Straits. If the French fleet was met on the way it was to be engaged. The Count of Toulouse, with twenty-three sail of the line, was cutting across the route of the Allies on his way to Toulon; another French squadron was getting ready in that port somewhat tardily. Shovell was still distant, but was about to start, and put himself under the orders of Rooke. All these forces were converging by devious routes to a final clash of battle.

There was, however, to be delay before they met. On the 27th the ships of Toulouse were sighted by the look-out vessels of Rooke's fleet. An engagement seemed to be imminent; but the abounding caution of the commanders of that generation was shown once more. The average speed of the French ships was better than

that of the Allies; yet it would have been possible to bring the enemy to action by ordering all the ships to sail at their best rate of speed in a general chase, when the quickest of the Allies could have overtaken the slowest of the French. But this appeared dangerous to the flag-officers of 1704, and they pursued in a body, regulating their speed on that of the slowest sailer among them. Thus the Count of Toulouse kept and improved his lead. On May 29th the two fleets were within ninety miles of Toulon. Then, fearing that all the French in the port would unite with those at sea and put them at a disadvantage, the Allies gave up the chase, and returned down the Mediterranean. On June 14th Rooke and Shovell united their forces at the mouth of the Straits.

So far nothing very brilliant had been done, and the escape of Toulouse with his very inferior force was even discreditable to the Allies; but now strong pressure was put on Rooke and his colleagues to act. Hitherto the conduct of the naval war had been of a somewhat peddling character, the buccaneering achievement at Vigo standing alone as a feat of any brilliancy. In the beginning of the war the failure of an officer named Munden (not the stout-hearted man who retook St. Helena from the Dutch in the reign of Charles the Second, but his brother,) to stop some French ships at Corunna, and his acquittal by a somewhat complacent court-martial, had roused fierce anger in the country. There had since been the shameful Benbow business in the West Indies. The country was becoming thoroughly tired of naval miscarriages and the Ministry was resolute that something should be done. Something to do lay ready to the hand of the allied fleet. The titular King of Spain had remained

behind at Lisbon. The admirals, Rooke and his Dutch colleagues, had orders not to attempt anything against the coast without the consent of our candidate for the throne, but King Charles was naturally anxious to possess some foothold in his kingdom, and he gave his consent to an attempt on Cadiz. It was characteristic of his intelligence that he did not see how hopeless an effort of this kind would be without an army, which he could not supply. But the admirals were prepared to do the next best thing. In the early days of July they had gone into the Mediterranean as far as Malaga to see if Toulouse was coming down. On receipt of the King's message they decided that, though Cadiz was unattainable without an army, there was a fair prospect of success for a dash at Gibraltar.

The decision to attack was taken in the council of war on July 17th. It may be observed by the way that this form of palaver was the standard pest of the naval operations of the age, but was perhaps inevitable where fleets of different nations were co-operating. On July 21st the allied fleet stood over from the Barbary coast and entered Gibraltar Bay. The squadron, to which the duty of bombarding the town was entrusted, consisted of fourteen English and four Dutch vessels. The command was given to George Byng, who as a lieutenant had been very busy in the intrigues which brought the fleet over to Dutch William in 1688. He lived to win the battle of Cape Passaro, and was the father of that unhappy John Byng who was shot for the last crowning naval miscarriage at Minorca in 1757, and whose fate may be described as the turning-point of the naval history of the eighteenth century. The work he had to do in July, 1704, was in

reality exceedingly easy, and we may be tolerably sure that he and his superiors knew as much. Gibraltar was even then a strongly fortified place. It mounted a hundred guns, and could, on one condition, have made a prolonged fight. The condition was that there should have been a sufficient garrison to work the guns and man the walls; but there were only one hundred and fifty soldiers in the town. The governor had been to Madrid to apply for more, but the new French influence had not yet dragged the Spanish Government out of the old Hapsburg slough of despond. A court which had the happiness of possessing three hundred maids of honour had nothing to spare for garrisons. Don Diego de Salinas came back as poor in troops as he went.

The wind gave the Spaniards a little help by refusing to blow on July 22nd. Meanwhile seventeen hundred English and Dutch marines were landed under the Prince of Hesse to occupy the neck of land which joins the Rock to the coast of Spain, and prevent the Spaniards from throwing small bodies of reinforcements in at the last moment. On the 23rd the bombardment took place, the garrison making such reply as was possible for one hundred and fifty men. The mole was swept by the fire of the ships' guns, and then stormed by the sailors. An explosion, either deliberately caused by the Spaniards, or produced by one of our own men who accidentally dropped a light into a magazine, did considerable harm to the stormers, and for a moment there was a panic; but the enemy was too weak to take advantage of the chance, or to man the walls. A good deal has been made of the fact that some of the women of the town were outside in a church when the mole was stormed, and were

cut off. It has been said that their fate weighed on the mind of the governor; but the want of garrison was enough. On the 24th he beat the *chamade*, and the town was delivered next day, nominally for the cause of King Charles the Third, but in reality into the strong and tenacious grip of England. The total loss of the Allies was sixty killed and two hundred and seventeen wounded, nearly twice the number of the Spanish garrison, and almost all were English. They shed their blood honourably and profitably in adding this noble fortress to the patrimony of St. George,—happier they than the thousands of their comrades who perished miserably in these wars, fever-stricken in filthy ships, rotten with scurvy, starved, or poisoned by bad food.

Such in itself was the taking of Gibraltar, an incident more fortunate than glorious in a campaign. To make the story complete we have to look at what followed. The place, newly taken and shattered by the attack, was not as yet capable of serving as a port of war for the fleet. Not even water could be found in sufficient quantities. Twelve hundred marines were landed, under the command of the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, to form a garrison capable of repelling any sudden assault by the Spaniards from the land, and a magazine was made up out of the stores of the ships. Then the Allies stood over to the coast of Africa, and sought for provisions and water among the Moors. On August 9th they had obtained what they wanted, when the captain of the *Centurion*, who had been on the watch to the eastward, came in with the news that the French fleet from Toulon was at hand. Though the course to be followed in such an easily foreseen contingency as this might well have

been already considered, a council of war was summoned, and it was decided to work up towards the enemy and give battle. If the Count of Toulouse, who being to the eastward had the wind, which was blowing from the east, in his favour, had been well advised he would have forced on an engagement at once. But he manœuvred to avoid action, and even fell back towards Malaga. This gave the Allies time to re-embark half the marines they had landed at Gibraltar. The meeting of the fleets was delayed till the 13th, by which date the Allies had got to windward of the French, who were now between them and the fortress. Both fleets were heading to the south. At ten o'clock in the morning the allied line bore down on the French. Sir Cloudesley Shovell and Leake led the van; Rooke commanded in the centre with Dilke and Wishart; the Dutch formed the rear of the line. In number of guns and ships the two fleets were about equal, but the Allies were short-handed, and in want of ammunition. The battle may be described as perfectly brave and perfectly brainless. The one side hammered the other doggedly from ten in the morning till four in the afternoon. Some of the Allies had to haul out of the line because they were running short of powder. On the French side the flagship of the Viscount de Villette Mursay, who commanded in the van, was set on fire, and he had to stand out of the line to extinguish the flames. This movement was followed by the ships about him, and we had an opportunity of delivering a good stroke at the French. But no use was made of the chance, and at four o'clock the hostile fleets separated, having beaten one another pretty well to a standstill. The battle of Malaga was one of the most bloody ever fought at sea. Nearly three

thousand men fell in the allied line, and the loss of the French, who however only acknowledged fifteen hundred, cannot well have been much less. On their side too an extraordinary number of officers of distinction were slain.

For two days the fleets remained near one another. The wind shifted to the west and gave the French the power of renewing the action, but they did not come down. In the allied line there was great want of powder. English and Dutch alike were prepared to fight if the enemy came on. Meanwhile they rummaged for cannon-balls in their depleted magazines, and made their minds up to try boarding, and a settlement with cold steel if they needs must. But in their hearts they were relieved, —and no shame to them and no credit to him—when Toulouse fled away northward to Toulon. Then they returned to Gibraltar Bay where they remained till August 24th. The marines drawn from the garrison were again landed, and damages were made good so far as might be. On the 26th Rooke told off a squadron to remain on the coast of Portugal with Leake, and then went on with his battered ships and sorely tried crews to England, which he reached on September 25th. It was his last service. The year of the taking of Gibraltar was also the year of Blenheim. The Tories, with all the taste and good feeling of a political party in a difficulty, endeavoured to set up Rooke, who was one of themselves, and Malaga against the Whig Marlborough and Blenheim. For that the Admiral suffered; he was never employed again during the five remaining years of his life.

At Gibraltar the end was not yet. Having been taken, the town was to be held; and as it was not yet suffi-

ciently settled to be able to rely on its own strength for long, its salvation depended on the ever-present help of Leake's squadron. Sir John Leake may not have been a great commander, yet from the day that he steered the Dartmouth at the boom on the Liffey and relieved Londonderry, his conduct was always marked by a certain alacrity in action. During the winter of 1704-5 he stood by Gibraltar loyally, and with energy. The Spaniards collected an army to retake the town, and early in October the Prince of Hesse called for help. Leake came on at once from Lagos with stores and encouragement. On hearing that a French naval force was approaching he put to sea. Uncertainty as to the strength of the enemy, and some damage received by bad weather induced him to go to Lisbon to refit, but he was back with reinforcements by October 29th, and had the deserved good luck to capture three French ships. Leake now remained by Gibraltar till December 21st: on both these visits his guns relieved the pressure on the town by firing into the camp of the besiegers; and he then returned to Lisbon. During his absence a French squadron under M. de Pointis arrived to blockade Gibraltar by sea. On March 10th Leake was back again, and this time he destroyed five Frenchmen, including the flagship, in the Bay. The rest of Pointis's squadron fled to Toulon. Leake remained until the besiegers broke up their camp in despair, and the town was safe. He was now able to sail for England, which he reached in April. As Gibraltar had been taken so it was kept by the fleet, for the sake of which we hold it, and on which, in the last resort, it depends.

DAVID HANNAY

THE SONG OF YOUTH.

I CANNOT stay,—
 I flee your deathly clutch
 Before the dreadful greyness of your house,
 Down-closing on me, crushes out the light,
 And spills my youth ;
 For I am young, and you are old,—so old !

Loose, loose your lean, crook'd fingers,—
 Your lean, crook'd fingers they are gaunt with toil,
 With patient toil and ceaseless empty grasping.
 But mine,—see mine ! are they not full and round
 And red against the light ?
 Yea ! might I stand upon the brink of earth
 Sheer out against the sun,
 There would I burn a magical red flame ;
 But you are lean and grey.

Oh you have striven hard to swathe me round
 With all the web of wisdom and the dust
 Wherein you shroud your warped and withered soul !
 But see ! I shed the rags of all your toil ;
 Their touch shall never sap the living blood,
 Nor choke th' immortal fire,—
 For I am young,
 And youth is infinite
 With the first prime of all created things.

Seek you to stay the Spring
 I am the Spring !
 In every greening blade,
 In every petal opening to the light,
 In every limb of every waking tree,
 And in the heart of all the singing birds
 I stir the wild Spring rapture.

Seek you to stay the Wind ?
 I am the Wind !
 I speed by flying spheres,
 And ride unbridled all among the stars.

Seek you to stay the Dawn?
I am the Dawn!
I glow from cloud to cloud,
I flash from sea to sea,
Till every land grows pregnant with the light;
From year to year I flame,
From aeon unto aeon:
And yet,—you strive to stay me,
You, Death's own shadow,
So racked and broken on the wheel of Time,
And I, imperial with the deathless youth
Of all the heroes that the world has bred!

Yea, yea,—the world,—the wonderful broad world,
That lies before me like a morning meadow,
That calls and calls me as the sea at dawn!

Even in your dumb house I heard the cry
That fretted ever through the alien gloom;
And often in the dark
I strained against the severing bars and saw
The splendid cities burn into the night.
But most I gazed upon the seven stars
That lit within my narrow strip of sky,
For there was none to heed me but the stars!

But now I flee you; from your toils I leap
As leaps the flame from out the rotted beam,
As laughing waters from the caverned rock,
As April armies from the sodden earth.

Oh you are old and dreadful as the dark;
I am as young and glorious as the sun.
Standing upon its highest golden peak
Was it not I who flung the stars abroad
Into the perilous spaces of the night?
Was it not I who loosed the lordly winds
To ride the worlds forever?
Was it not I who kindled the first spark
That blazed to vast creation?
Sprang not from me the strong fierce fire of life,
That is not stayed, but sweeps through sun and star
And space eternal?

Yea, even I, a man, for I am young,
And with the youth of every god and man
That was, and is, and shall be, I am one!

W. W. G

SAVROLA.

(A MILITARY AND POLITICAL ROMANCE.)

BY WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL.

CHAPTER VI.

THE sagacious founders of the Lauranian Republic had recognised the importance of preserving and promoting the practice of social civilities between the public men of the State, irrespective of party. It had therefore long been the custom for the President to give several official entertainments during the autumn season, to which all the distinguished characters of either side were invited, and which it was considered etiquette to attend. This year feeling ran so high and relations were so strained that Savrola had decided not to accept, and had already formally declined the invitation; he was therefore not a little surprised when he received a second card, and still more when he read Lucile's note which accompanied it.

He saw she had exposed herself to a rebuff with her eyes open, and wondered why she had done so. Of course she counted on her charms. It is hard, if not impossible, to snub a beautiful woman; they remain beautiful, and the rebuke recoils. He might indeed have made political capital out of so pressing an invitation sent at such a critical time; but he felt she had judged him well, and knew she was safe at least from that; and this pleased him. He was sorry he could not go; but he had made up his mind, and sat down to write and decline. Half way through the letter, he paused; the thought

occurred to him that perhaps she might stand in need of his help. He read the letter again and fancied, though the words did not warrant it, that he detected a note of appeal. And then he began to look for reasons for changing his mind: the old established custom; the necessity of showing his followers that for the present he was in favour of constitutional agitation only; the opportunity of displaying his confidence in the success of his plans; in fact, every argument, but the true one, was arrayed against his determination. Yes, he would go; the Party might object, but he did not care; it was none of their business, and he was strong enough to face their displeasure. These reflections were interrupted by the entrance of Moret, his face glowing with enthusiasm.

"The Central Division Committee have nominated you unanimously as their candidate at the elections. The Dictator's puppet, Tranta, was howled down. I have arranged for a public meeting on Thursday night for you to address them. We are on the crest of the wave!"

"Capital!" said Savrola. "I had expected to be nominated, as our influence in the capital is supreme. I am glad of an opportunity of speaking; I have not had a meeting for some time, and there is a good deal to talk about just now. What day did you say you had arranged it for?"

"Thursday, in the City-Hall at

eight in the evening," said Moret who, though sanguine, was not unbusiness-like.

"Thursday?"

"Yes, you are not engaged anywhere."

"Well," said Savrola speaking slowly and appearing to weigh his words, "Thursday is the night of the State Ball."

"I know," said Moret, "that was why I arranged it so. They will feel they are dancing on a volcano; only a mile from the palace will be the people, massed, agreed, determined. Molara will not enjoy his evening; Louvet will not go; Sorrento will be making arrangements to massacre, if necessary. It will spoil the festivities; they will all see the writing on the wall."

"Thursday will not do, Moret."

"Not do! Why not?"

"Because I am going to the ball that night," said Savrola deliberately.

Moret gasped. "What," he cried, "you!"

"Most certainly I shall go. The ancient customs of the State cannot be set aside like this. It is my duty to go; we are fighting for the Constitution, and we are bound to show our respect for its principles."

"You will accept Molara's hospitality,—enter his house, and eat his food?"

"No," said Savrola; "I shall eat the food provided by the State. As you well know, the expenses of these official functions are chargeable to the public."

"You will talk to him?"

"Certainly, but he will not enjoy it."

"You will insult him, then?"

"My dear Moret, what should make you think that? I shall be very civil. That will frighten him most of all; he will not know what is impending."

"You cannot go," said Moret decidedly.

"Indeed I am going."

"Think what the Trade-Unions will say."

"I have thought about all these things and have made up my mind," said Savrola. "They may say what they like. It will show them that I do not intend to discard constitutional methods for a long time yet. These people want their enthusiasm cooling from time to time; they take life too seriously."

"They will accuse you of betraying the cause."

"I have no doubt stupid people will make characteristic remarks, but I trust none of my friends will bore me by repeating them to me."

"What will Strelitz say? It will very likely make him cross the frontier with his followers. He thinks we are luke-warm, and has been growing more impatient every week."

"If he comes before we are ready to help, the troops will make short work of him and his rabble. But he has definite orders from me and will, I hope, obey them."

"You are doing wrong, and you know it," said Moret harshly and savagely; "to say nothing of the contemptible humiliation of cringing to your enemy."

Savrola smiled at his follower's anger. "Oh," he said, "I shall not cringe. Come, you have not yet seen me do that," and he put his hand on his companion's arm. "It is strange, Louis," he continued, "that we differ in so many things, and yet, if I were in difficulty and doubt, there is no one to whom I would go sooner than to you. We squabble about trifles, but if it were a great matter, your judgment should rule me, and you know it well."

Moret yielded. He always yielded

to Savrola when he talked like that. "Well," he said, "when will you speak?"

"Whenever you like."

"Friday, then, the sooner the better."

"Very well; do you make the arrangements; I will find something to say."

"I wish you were not going," said Moret reverting to his former objections; "nothing on earth would induce me to go."

"Moret," said Savrola with strange earnestness, "we have settled that; there are other things to talk about. I am troubled in my mind. There is an undercurrent of agitation, the force of which I cannot gauge. I am the acknowledged leader of the Party, but sometimes I realise that there are agencies at work which I do not control. That secret society they call the League is an unknown factor. I hate that fellow, that German fellow, Kreutze, Number One he styles himself. He is the source of all the opposition I encounter in the Party itself; the Labour Delegates all seem to be under his influence. Indeed there are moments when I think that you and I and Godoy, and all who are striving for the old Constitution, are but the political waves of a social tide that is flowing we know not whither. Perhaps I am wrong, but I keep my eyes open and their evidence makes me thoughtful. The future is inscrutable but appalling; you must stand by me. When I can no longer restrain and control, I will no longer lead."

"The League is nothing," said Moret, "but a small anarchist group, who have thrown in their lot, for the present, with us. You are the indispensable leader of the Party; you have created the agitation, and it is in your hands to stimulate or allay

it. There are no unknown forces; you are the motive power."

Savrola walked to the window. "Look out over the city," he said. "It is a great mass of buildings; three hundred thousand people live there. Consider its size; think of the latent potentialities it contains, and then look at this small room. Do you think I am what I am, because I have changed those minds, or because I best express their views? Am I their master or their slave? Believe me, I have no illusions, nor need you."

His manner impressed his follower. It almost seemed to him, as he watched the city and listened to Savrola's earnest words, that he heard the roar of a multitude, distant, subdued, but intense as the thunder of the surf upon a rocky coast when the wind is off the sea. He did not reply. His highly wrought temperament exaggerated every mood and passion; he always lived in the superlative, with no counterpoise of healthy cynicism. Now he was very solemn, and bidding Savrola good morning, walked slowly down the stairs, swayed by the vibrations of a powerful imagination which had been stimulated to an extreme.

Savrola lay back in his chair. His first inclination was to laugh, but he realised that his mirth would not be entirely at Moret's expense. He had tried to trick himself as well, but the parts of that subtle brain were too intimately connected to have secrets from one another. Still he would not allow them to formulate the true reason of his change of mind. It was not so, he said to himself several times, and even if it were it was of no importance and signified nothing. He took a cigarette from his case and lighting it, watched the coiling rings of smoke.

How much of what he had said

had he believed? He thought of Moret's serious face; that was not entirely produced by his influence. The young Revolutionist had noticed something too, but had feared, or failed, to reduce his impressions to words. There was an undercurrent then; there were many dangers ahead. Well, he did not care; he was confident in his own powers. As the difficulties arose, he would meet them; when dangers threatened he would overcome them. Horse, foot, and artillery, he was a man, a complete entity. In any circumstances, in any situation he knew himself a factor to be reckoned with; whatever the game, he would play it to his amusement, if not to his advantage.

The smoke of his cigarette curled round his head. Life,—how unreal it was, how barren, and yet, how fascinating! Fools, calling themselves philosophers, had tried to bring home the bitter fact to men. His philosophy lent itself to a pious fraud; it taught him to minimise the importance of his pains, and to magnify that of his pleasures; it made life delightful and death incidental. Zeno had shown him how to face adversity, and Epicurus how to enjoy pleasure. He basked in the smiles of fortune, and shrugged his shoulders at the frowns of fate. His existence, or series of existences, had been agreeable. All that he remembered had been worth living. If there was a future state, if the game was to begin again elsewhere, he would take a hand. He hoped for immortality, but he contemplated annihilation with composure. Meanwhile the business of living was an interesting problem. His speech,—he had made many and knew that nothing good can be obtained without effort. These impromptu feats of oratory existed only in the minds of

the listeners; the flowers of rhetoric were hot-house plants.

What was there to say? Successive cigarettes had been mechanically consumed. Amid the smoke he saw a peroration, which would cut deep into the hearts of a crowd; a high thought, a fine simile, expressed in that correct diction which is comprehensible even to the most illiterate, and appeals to the most simple; something to lift their minds from the material cares of life and to awake sentiment. His ideas began to take the form of words, to group themselves into sentences; he murmured to himself; the rhythm of his own language swayed him, instinctively he alliterated. Ideas succeeded one another, as a stream flows swiftly by and the light changes on its waters. He seized a piece of paper and began hurriedly to pencil some notes on it. That was a point; could not tautology accentuate it? He scribbled down a rough sentence, scratched it out, polished it, and wrote it in again. The sound would please their ears, the sense improve and stimulate their minds. What a game it was! His brain contained the cards he had to play, the world the stakes he played for.

As he worked, the hours passed away. The housekeeper entering with his luncheon found him silent and busy; she had seen him thus before and did not venture to interrupt him. The untasted food grew cold upon the table, as the hands of the clock moved slowly round marking the measured tread of time. Presently he rose, and, completely under the influence of his own thoughts and language, began to pace the room with short rapid strides, speaking to himself in a low voice and with great emphasis. Suddenly he stopped and with a strange violence his hand descended on the

table. It was the end of the speech.

The noise recalled him to the commonplaces of life. He was hungry and tired, and with a laugh at his own enthusiasm sat down at the table and fell to work on his neglected luncheon.

A dozen sheets of note-paper, covered with phrases, facts, and figures, were the result of the morning's work. They lay pinned together on the table, harmless insignificant pieces of paper; and yet Antonio Molara, President of the Republic of Laurania, would have feared a bombshell less. Nor would he have been either a fool or a coward.

CHAPTER VII.

THE palace of Laurania was admirably suited to the discharge of the social ceremonies of the State. The lavish expenditure on public entertainments, which the constitutional practice encouraged, allowed the hospitalities of the Republic to be extended upon the most magnificent scale. The opening State-Ball of the season was in many ways the most important of these affairs. It was at this function that the great men of both parties met, for the first time after the summer heats, before the autumn session, and the brilliant society of the capital reunited after their absence in their country and mountain villas. Taste, elegance, and magnificence were equally displayed. The finest music, the best wine, the most diverse, yet select, company were among the attractions of the evening. The spacious courtyard of the palace was completely covered by a gigantic awning. Rows of the Infantry of the Guard lined the approaches, and with their bright steel bayonets increased the splendour

and the security of the occasion. The well-lit streets were crowded with the curious populace. The great hall of the palace, at all times imposing and magnificent, displayed a greater pomp when filled with a gaily-dressed company.

At the head of the stairs stood the President and his wife, he resplendent in his orders and medals, she in her matchless beauty. As the guests ascended, an aide-de-camp, a gorgeous thing in crimson and gold, inquired their names and styles and announced them. Many and various was the company; every capital in Europe, every country in the world was represented.

The guest of the evening was the King of Ethiopia, a mass of silk and jewels framing a black but vivacious face. He came early,—unwisely, as, had he come later, there would have been a better audience to watch his arrival; however, to his untutored mind perhaps this was a matter of little importance.

The Diplomatic Corps followed in a long succession. Coach after coach drew up at the entrance and discharged its burden of polite astuteness, clothed in every conceivable combination of colour. Arrived at the top of the stairs, the Russian Ambassador, grey but gallant, paused and bowing with a stately courtesy, kissed the little hand Lucile extended.

"The scene is an appropriate setting to a peerless diamond," he murmured.

"Would it sparkle as brightly in the Winter Palace?" inquired Lucile lightly.

"Assuredly the frosty nights of Russia would intensify its brilliancy."

"Among so many others it would be lost."

"Among all others it would be unrivalled and alone."

"Ah," she said, "I hate publicity,

and as for solitude, frosty solitude, the thought of it alone makes me shiver."

She laughed. The diplomatist threw her a look of admiration, and stepping into the crowd, that already blocked the head of the stairs, received and returned the congratulations of his numerous friends.

"Madame Tranta," said the aide-de-camp.

"I am so glad to see you," said Lucile. "What a pity your daughter could not come; it has been a great disappointment to many."

The ugly old woman thus addressed beamed with delight, and moving up the stairs pushed her way to the marble balustrade of the balcony. She watched the later arrivals, and commented freely to her acquaintance on their dress and deportment; she also gave a little information about each one, which would have been ill-natured even had it not been untrue; but though she told her friends many things, she did not mention that she had had to make Tranta write and threaten to desert the President's party unless she was asked to the ball, and that even this had failed to procure an invitation for her daughter, an unfortunate girl who added a bad complexion to the family features.

Louvet came next, looking anxiously at the crowd of faces which gazed from the landing, and imagining bombs and daggers at every step. He regarded Lucile with apprehension, but her smile seemed to give him courage and he mingled with the throng.

Then Sir Richard Shalgrove, the British Ambassador, whose genial and cheery face displayed an innocence which contrasted with his reputation in public or private affairs, advanced to make his bow. The strained relations between Laurania and Great Britain seemed to disappear

in that comprehensive salutation. Lucile engaged him for a moment in conversation, pretending to know little or nothing. "And when," she asked merrily, "do we declare war?"

"Not until after I have had the pleasure of the third waltz, I hope," said the Ambassador.

"How annoying! I wanted so much to dance it with you."

"And you will not?" he asked in great concern.

"Dare I plunge two nations into war for the sake of a waltz?"

"Had you my inducement you would not hesitate," he replied gallantly.

"What, to precipitate hostilities! What have we done? What is your great inducement to fight?"

"Not to fight,—to dance," said Sir Richard with a little less than his usual assurance.

"For a diplomatist you are indeed explicit. While you are in so good a mood, tell me what has happened; is there danger?"

"Danger? No,—how could there be?" He selected a formula: "Between traditionally friendly Powers arbitration settles all disputes."

"You realise," she said earnestly and with an entire change of manner, "that we have to consider the political situation here? A strong despatch improves the position of the Government."

"I have felt all through," said the Ambassador uncompromisingly, "that there was no danger." He did not however mention that H.M. battleship Aggressor (12,000 tons displacement and 14,000 horse power, armed with four 11-inch guns) was steaming eighteen knots an hour towards the African port of the Lauranian Republic, or that he himself had been busy all the afternoon with cipher telegrams relating to ships, stores, and military movements. He thought

that would be only boring her with purely technical details.

While this conversation had been taking place, the stream of people had passed continuously up the stairs and the throng on the wide balcony that ran round the entire hall had become dense. The wonderful band was almost drowned by the hum of conversation; the perfect floor of the ball-room was only occupied by a few young couples, whose own affairs absorbed their minds and excluded all other interests. A feeling of expectancy pervaded the hall; the rumour that Savrola would come had spread far and wide throughout Laurania.

Suddenly everyone became hushed, and above the strains of the band the distant sound of shouting was heard. Louder and louder it swelled, swiftly approaching until it was at the very gates; then it died away, and there was a silence through the hall filled only by the music. Had he been hooted or cheered? The sound had seemed strangely ambiguous; men were prepared to wager about it; his face would tell them the answer.

The swing-doors opened and Savrola entered. All eyes were turned on him, but his face showed them nothing, and the bets remained undecided. As he leisurely ascended the stairs, his eyes travelled with interest round the crowded galleries and the brilliant throng which lined them. No decorations, no orders, no star relieved the plain evening-dress he wore. Amid that blaze of colour, that multitude of gorgeous uniforms, he appeared a sombre figure; but, like the Iron Duke in Paris, he looked the leader of them all, calm, confident, and composed.

The President walked down a few steps to meet his distinguished guest. Both bowed with grave dignity.

"I am glad you have come, Sir,"

said Molara; "it is in harmony with the traditions of the State."

"Duty and inclination combined to point the way," answered Savrola with a smile marked by a suggestion of irony.

"You had no difficulty with the crowd?" suggested the President acidly.

"Oh, no difficulty, but they take politics a little seriously; they disapproved of my coming to your palace."

"You are right to come," said Molara. "You and I know what these things are worth; men of the world do not get excited over public matters, nor do gentlemen fight with bludgeons."

"I prefer swords," said Savrola reflectively. He had reached the head of the stairs and Lucile stood before him. What a queen she looked, how peerless and incomparable among all women! The fine tiara she wore suggested sovereignty, and democrat as he was, he bowed to that alone. She held out her hand; he took it with reverence and courtesy, but the contact thrilled him.

The President selected a fat but famous woman from the aristocracy of Laurania, and led the way into the ball-room. Savrola did not dance; there were some amusements which his philosophy taught him to despise. Lucile was captured by the Russian Ambassador, and he remained a spectator.

Lieutenant Tiro saw him thus alone and approached him, wishing to finish their discussion about the Back of the polo-team, which had been interrupted the week before. Savrola received him with a smile; he liked the young soldier, as indeed did everyone. Tiro was full of arguments; he was in favour of a strong heavy player who should lie back in the game and take no chances. Savrola, having remarked on the importance of the

Lauranian army being properly represented in an inter-national contest, favoured a light weight, playing right up to his forwards and ready to take the ball on himself at any moment. It was an animated discussion.

"Where have you played?" asked the Subaltern, surprised at his knowledge.

"I have never played the game," answered Savrola; "but I have always thought it a good training for military officers."

The subject was changed.

"Explain to me," said the great Democrat, "what all these different orders are. What is that blue one that Sir Richard, the British Ambassador, is wearing?"

"That is the Garter," replied the Subaltern; "the most honourable order in England."

"Really, and what is this that you are wearing?"

"I! Oh that's the African medal. I was out there in 1886 and 1887, you know." As Savrola had anticipated, he was intensely pleased at being asked.

"It must have been a strange experience for you, who are so young."

"It was damned good fun," said the Subaltern with decision. "I was at Langi Tal. My squadron had a five-mile pursuit. The lance is a beautiful weapon. The English in India have a sport called pig-sticking; I have never tried it, but I know a better."

"Well, you may have another chance soon. We seem to be getting into difficulties with the British Government."

"Do you think there is any chance of war?" asked the boy eagerly.

"Well, of course," said Savrola, "a war would distract the attention of the people from internal agitation and the Reform movement. The

President is a clever man. There might be war: I should not care to prophesy; but do you wish for it?"

"Certainly I do; it is my profession. I am sick of being a lap-dog in this palace; I long for the camp and the saddle again. Besides, these English will be worth fighting; they will give us a gallop all right. There was one of their officers with me at Langi Tal, a subaltern; he came as a spectator searching for adventure."

"What happened to him?"

"Well, you know, we pursued the enemy all the way to the hills and played the devil with them. As we were galloping along, he saw a lot making off towards a wood, and wanted to cut them off. I said there wasn't time; he laid me six to four there was, so I sent a troop,—I was in command of the squadron that day, you know. He went with them and showed them the way straight enough,—but I bore you?"

"On the contrary, I am greatly interested; what then?"

"He was wrong; the enemy got to the wood first, turned round, and picked him off in the open. Our fellows brought him back, shot through the big artery of the leg; that doesn't take long, you know. All he said was: 'Well, you've won, but how the deuce you'll get paid, I can't think. Ask my brother,—Royal Lancers.'"

"And then?" asked Savrola.

"Well, I couldn't find the artery to compress it, and none of the doctors were about. He died,—a gallant fellow!"

The Subaltern paused, rather ashamed at having talked so much about his military adventures. Savrola felt as if he had looked into a new world, a world of ardent, reckless, warlike youth. He was himself young enough to feel a certain jealousy. This boy had seen what

he had not; he possessed an experience, which taught him lessons Savrola had never learned. Their lives had been different; but one day perhaps he would open this strange book of war, and by the vivid light of personal danger read the lessons it contained.

Meanwhile the night was passing. The King of Ethiopia, horrified at the low dresses of the unveiled women and dreading the prospect of eating with odious white people, had taken his departure. The President, approaching Savrola, invited him to take his wife down to supper; he offered Lucile his arm and they descended the stairs. The supper was excellent: the champagne was dry and the quails fat. A profusion of rare and beautiful orchids covered the table; Savrola's surroundings were agreeable, and he sat next the most beautiful woman in Laurania who, though he did not know it, was exerting herself to captivate him. At first they talked amusing frivolities. The President, whose manners were refined, showed himself a pleasant companion and an accomplished talker. Savrola, who delighted in sparkling conversation, found it difficult to keep to the part of a purely official visitor which he had determined to observe. The influences of wit, wine, and beauty were combined to break his reserve; before he knew it, he had joined in a discussion, one of those half cynical, half serious discussions which are characteristic of a sceptical and an inquiring age.

The Russian Ambassador had said that he worshipped beauty, and had told his partner, the youthful Countess of Ferrol, that he regarded taking her into dinner as a religious observance.

"I suppose that means that you are bored," she replied.

"By no means; in my religion the ceremonies are never dull; that is one

of the principal advantages I claim for it."

"There are few others," said Molara; "you devote yourself to an idol of your own creation. If you worship beauty, your goddess stands on no surer pedestal than human caprice. Is it not so, Princess?"

The Princess of Tarentum, who was on the President's right, replied that even that foundation was more secure than that on which many beliefs repose.

"You mean that in your own case human caprice has been sufficiently constant? I can well believe it."

"No," she said; "I only mean that the love of beauty is common to all human beings."

"To all living things," corrected Savrola. "It is the love of the plant that produces the flower."

"Ah," said the President, "but, though the love of beauty may be constant, beauty itself may change. Look how everything changes; the beauty of one age is not the beauty of the next; what is admired in Africa is hideous in Europe. It is all a matter of opinion, local opinion. Your goddess, Monsieur, has as many shapes as Proteus."

"I like change," said the Ambassador, "and regard variability of form as a decided advantage in a goddess. I do not care how many shapes I look at, so long as all are beautiful."

"But," interposed Lucile, "you make no distinction between what is beautiful and what we think is beautiful."

"There is none," said the President.

"In her Excellency's case there would be none," interposed the Ambassador politely.

"What is beauty," said Molara, "but what we choose to admire?"

"Do we choose? Have we the power?" asked Savrola.

"Certainly," answered the President; "and every year we alter our decisions; every year the fashion changes. Ask the ladies. Look at the fashions of thirty years ago; they were thought becoming then. Observe the different styles of painting that have succeeded each other, or of poetry, or of music. Besides, Monsieur de Stranoff's goddess, though beautiful to him, might not be so to another."

"I regard that also as a real advantage; you make me more enamoured with my religion each moment. I do not worship my ideals for the *reclame*," said the Ambassador with a smile.

"You look at the question from a material point of view."

"Material rather than moral," said Lady Ferrol.

"But in the spirit-worship of my goddess the immorality is immaterial. Besides, if you say that our tastes are always changing, it seems to me that constancy is the essence of my religion."

"That is a paradox which we shall make you explain," said Molara.

"Well, you say I change each day, and my goddess changes too. To-day I admire one standard of beauty, to-morrow another; but when to-morrow comes I am no longer the same person. The molecular structure of my brain is altered; my ideas have changed; my old self has perished, loving its own ideal; the renovated *ego* starts life with a new one. It is all a case of wedded till death."

"You are not going to declare that constancy is a series of changes? You may as well assert that motion is a succession of halts."

"I am true to the fancy of the hour."

"You express my views in other words. Beauty depends on human caprice, and changes with the times."

"Look at that statue," interposed Savrola suddenly, indicating a magnificent marble figure of Diana which stood in the middle of the room surrounded by ferns. "More than two thousand years have passed since men called that beautiful. Do we deny it now?" There was no answer and he continued: "That is true beauty of line and form, which is eternal. The other things you have mentioned, fashions, styles, fancies, are but the unsuccessful efforts we make to attain to it. Men call such efforts art. Art is to beauty, what honour is to honesty, an unnatural allotropic form. Art and honour belong to gentlemen; beauty and honesty are good enough for men."

There was a pause. It was impossible to mistake the democratic tone; his earnestness impressed them, and Molara looked uneasy. The Ambassador came to the rescue. "Well, I shall continue to worship the goddess of beauty, whether she be constant or variable,"—he looked at the Countess; "and to show my devotion I shall offer up a waltz in that sacred fane, the ball-room."

He pushed his chair back, and, stooping, picked up his partner's glove which had fallen to the floor. Everyone rose and the party separated. As Savrola walked back to the hall with Lucile, they passed an open doorway leading to the garden. A multitude of fairy lights marked out the flower-beds or hung in festoons from the trees. The paths were carpeted with red cloth; a cool breeze fanned their faces. Lucile paused.

"It is a lovely night."

The invitation was plain. She had wanted to speak to him then, after all. How right he was to come,—on constitutional grounds.

"Shall we go out?" he said.

She consented, and they stepped on to the terrace.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE night was very still. The soft breeze was not strong enough to stir even the slender palms which rose on all sides, and whose outlines, above the surrounding foliage, framed the star-lit sky. The palace stood on high ground and the garden sloped on the western side towards the sea. At the end of the terrace was a stone seat.

"Let us sit here," said Lucile.

They sat down. The dreamy music of a waltz floated down as a distant accompaniment to their thoughts. The windows of the palace blazed with light and suggested glitter, glare, and heat; in the garden all was quiet and cool.

"Why do you sneer at honour?" asked Lucile, thinking of the interrupted conversation.

"Because it has no true foundation, no ultra-human sanction. Its codes are constantly changing with times and places. At one time it is thought more honourable to kill the man you have wronged than to make amends; at another it is more important to pay a bookmaker than a butcher. Like art it changes with human caprice, and like art it comes from opulence and luxury."

"But why do you claim a higher origin for beauty and honesty?"

"Because, wherever I have looked, I see that all things are perpetually referred to an eternal standard of fitness, and that right triumphs over wrong, truth over falsehood, beauty over ugliness. *Fitness* is the general expression. Judged by this standard art and honour have little value."

"But are these things so?" she asked wonderingly. "Surely there are many exceptions?"

"Nature never considers the individual; she only looks at the average fitness of the species. Con-

sider the statistics of mortality. How exact they are: they give to a month the expectation of life to men; and yet they tell a man nothing. We cannot say that a good man will always overcome a knave; but the evolutionist will not hesitate to affirm that the nation with the highest ideals would succeed."

"Unless," said Lucile, "some other nation with lower ideals, but stronger arms, intervenes."

"Well, even then might is a form of fitness; I think a low form, but still physical force contains the elements of human progress. This is only the instance; we must enlarge our view. Nature does not consider the individual species. All we will now assert is that organisms imbued with moral fitness would ultimately rise above those whose virtue is physical. How many times has civilisation, by which I mean a state of society where moral force begins to escape from the tyranny of physical forces, climbed the ladder of progress and been dragged down? Perhaps many hundred times in this world alone. But the motive power, the upward tendency, was constant. Evolution does not say 'always,' but 'ultimately.' Well, ultimately civilisation has climbed up beyond the reach of barbarism. The higher ideals have reached the surface by superior buoyancy."

"Why do you assume that this triumph is permanent? How do you know that it will not be reversed, as all others have been?"

"Because we have got might on our side, as well as moral ascendancy."

"Perhaps the Romans in the summit of their power thought that too."

"Very likely, but without reason. They had only swords to fall back upon as an ultimate appeal; and when they became effete they could no longer wield them."

"And modern civilisation?"

"Ah, we have other weapons. When we have degenerated, as we must eventually degenerate, when we have lost our intrinsic superiority and other races, according to the natural law, advance to take our place, we shall fall back upon these weapons. Our morals will be gone, but our guns will remain. The effete and trembling European will sweep from the earth by scientific machinery the valiant savages who assail him."

"Is that the triumph of moral superiority?"

"At first it would be, for the virtues of civilisation are of a higher type than those of barbarism. Kindness is better than courage, and charity more than strength. But ultimately the dominant race will degenerate, and as there will be none to take its place, the degeneration must continue. It is the old struggle between vitality and decay, between energy and indolence; a struggle that always ends in silence. After all, we could not expect human development to be constant. It is only a question of time before the planet becomes unfitted to support life on its surface."

"But you said that fitness must ultimately triumph."

"Over relative unfitness, yes. But decay will involve all, victors and vanquished. The fire of life will die out, the spirit of vitality become extinct."

"In this world perhaps."

"In every world. All the universe is cooling,—dying, that is—and as it cools, life for a spell becomes possible on the surface of its spheres, and plays strange antics. And then the end comes; the universe dies and is sepulchred in the cold darkness of ultimate negation."

"To what purpose then are all our efforts?"

"God knows," said Savrola cynically; "but I can imagine that the drama would not be an uninteresting one to watch."

"And yet you believe in an ultra-human foundation, an eternal ideal for such things as beauty and virtue."

"I believe that the superiority of fitness over relative unfitness is one of the great laws of matter. I include all kinds of fitness,—moral, physical, mathematical."

"Mathematical!"

"Certainly; worlds only exist by conforming to correct mathematical principles. That is one of the great proofs we have that mathematics have been discovered, not invented. The planets observe a regular progression in their distances from the sun. Evolution suggests that those that did not observe such principles were destroyed by collisions and amalgamated with others. It is a universal survival of the fittest." She was silent. He continued: "Now let us say that in the beginning there existed two factors, matter animated by the will to live, and the eternal ideal; the great author and the great critic. It is to the interplay and counter-action of these two that all development, that all forms of life are due. The more the expression of the will to live approximates to the eternal standard of fitness, the better it succeeds."

"I would add a third," she said; "a great Being to instil into all forms of life the desire to attain to the ideal; to teach them in what ways they may succeed."

"It is pleasant," he replied, "to think that such a Being exists to approve our victories, to cheer our struggles and to light our way; but it is not scientifically or logically necessary to assume one after the two factors I have spoken of are once at work."

"Surely the knowledge that such an ultra-human ideal existed must have been given from without."

"No; that instinct which we call conscience was derived as all other knowledge from experience."

"How could it be?"

"I think of it in this way. When the human race was emerging from the darkness of its origin and half animal, half human creatures trod the earth, there was no idea of justice, honesty, or virtue, only the motive power which we may call the will to live. Then perhaps it was a minor peculiarity of some of these early ancestors of man to combine in twos and threes for their mutual protection. The first alliance was made; the combinations prospered where the isolated individuals failed. The faculty of combination appeared to be an element of fitness. By natural selection only the combinations survived. Thus man became a social animal. Gradually the little societies became larger ones. From families to tribes and from tribes to nations the species advanced, always finding that the better they combined, the better they succeeded. Now on what did this system of alliance depend? It depended on the members keeping faith with each other, on the practice of honesty, justice, and the rest of the virtues. Only those beings in whom such faculties were present were able to combine, and thus only the relatively honest men were preserved. The process repeated itself countless times during untold ages. At every step the race advanced, and at every step the realisation of the cause increased. Honesty and justice are bound up in our compositions and form an inseparable part of our natures. It is only with difficulty that we repress such awkward inclinations."

"You do not then believe in God?"

"I never said that," said Savrola. "I am only discussing the question of our existence from one standpoint, —that of reason. There are many who think that reason and faith, science and religion must be everlastingly separated, and that if one be admitted the other must be denied. Perhaps it is because we see so short a span, that we think that their lines are parallel and never touch each other. I always cherish the hope that somewhere in the perspective of the future there may be a vanishing point where all lines of human aspiration will ultimately meet."

"And you believe all this that you have said?"

"No," he answered; "there is no faith in disbelief, whatever the poets have said. Before we can solve the problems of existence we must establish the fact that we exist at all. It is a strange riddle, is it not?"

"We shall learn the answer when we die."

"If I thought that," said Savrola, "I should kill myself to-night out of irresistible curiosity."

He paused, and looked up at the stars, which shone so brightly overhead. She followed his gaze. "You like the stars?" she asked.

"I love them," he replied; "they are very beautiful."

"Perhaps your fate is written there."

"I have always admired the audacity of man in thinking that a Supreme Power should placard the skies with the details of his squalid future, and that his marriage, his misfortunes, and his crimes should be written in letters of suns on the background of limitless space. We are consequential atoms."

"You think we are of no importance?"

"Life is very cheap. Nature has no exaggerated idea of its value. I

realise my own insignificance, but I am a philosophic microbe, and it rather adds to my amusement than otherwise. Insignificant or not, I like living; it is good to think of the future."

"Ah," said Lucile impetuously, "whither are you hurrying us in the future,—to revolution?"

"Perhaps," said Savrola calmly.

"You are prepared to plunge the country in a civil war?"

"Well, I hope it will not come to that extreme. Probably there will be some street-fighting and some people will be killed, but——"

"But why should you drive them like this?"

"I discharge a duty to the human species in breaking down a military despotism. I do not like to see a government supported only by bayonets; it is an anachronism."

"The Government is just and firm; it maintains law and order. Why should you assail it merely because it does not harmonise with your theories?"

"My theories!" said Savrola. "Is that the name you give to the lines of soldiers with loaded rifles that guard this palace, or to the Lancers I saw spearing the people in the square a week ago?"

His voice had grown strangely vehement and his manner thrilled her. "You will ruin us," she said weakly.

"No," he replied with his grand air, "you can never be ruined. Your brilliancy and beauty will always make you the luckiest of women, and your husband the luckiest of men."

His great soul was above the suspicion of presumption. She looked up at him, smiled quickly and impulsively held out her hand. "We are on opposite sides, but we will fight under the rules of war. I

hope we shall remain friends even though——"

"We are officially enemies," said Savrola, completing the sentence, and taking her hand in his he bowed and kissed it; then rising they re-entered the palace in silence. Most of the guests had already gone, and Savrola did not ascend the stairs, but passing through the swing-doors took his departure. Lucile walked up to the ball-room in which a few youthful and indefatigable couples were still circling. Molara met her. "My dear," he said, "where have you been all this time?"

"In the garden," she replied.

"With Savrola?"

"Yes."

The President repressed a feeling of satisfaction. "Did he tell you anything?" he asked.

"Nothing," she answered, remembering for the first time the object with which she had sought the interview; "I must see him again."

"You will continue to try and find out his political intentions?" enquired Molara anxiously.

"I shall see him again," she replied.

"I trust to your wit," said the President; "you can do it, if anyone can, my dearest."

The last dance came to an end and the last guest departed. Very weary and thoughtful Lucile retired to her room. Her conversation with Savrola filled her mind; his earnestness, his enthusiasm, his hopes, his beliefs, or, rather, his disbeliefs, all passed again in review before her. What a great man he was! Was it wonderful the people followed him? She would like to hear him speak to-morrow.

Her maid came in to assist her to undress. She had looked from an upper balcony and had seen Savrola. "Was that," she asked her mistress curiously, "the great Agitator?" Her

brother was going to hear him make his speech to-morrow.

"Is he going to make a speech to-morrow?" asked Lucile.

"So my brother says," said the maid; "he says that he is going to give them such a dressing-down that they will never forget it." The maid paid great attention to her brother's words. There was much sympathy between them; in fact she only called him her brother because it sounded better.

Lucile took up the evening paper which lay on the bed. There on the first page was the announcement; the great meeting would take place at the City-Hall at eight the next evening. She dismissed the maid and walked to the window. The

silent city lay before her; to-morrow the man she had talked with would convulse that city with excitement. She would go and hear him; women went to these meetings; why should she not go, closely veiled? After all it would enable her to learn something of his character, and she could thus better assist her husband. With this reflection, which was extremely comforting, she went to bed.

The President was going up-stairs, when Miguel met him. "More business?" he asked wearily.

"No," said the Secretary; "things are going on very well."

Molara looked at him with quick annoyance; but Miguel's face remained impassive, and simply replying, "I am glad of that," he passed on.

(To be continued.)